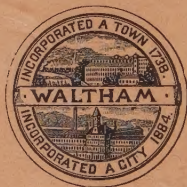


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PRESIDENT CABRERA.

GUATEMALA AND HER PEOPLE OF TO-DAY

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF
THE LAND, ITS HISTORY AND DEVELOP-
MENT; THE PEOPLE, THEIR CUSTOMS AND
CHARACTERISTICS; TO WHICH ARE ADDED
CHAPTERS ON BRITISH HONDURAS AND
THE REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS, WITH REFER-
ENCES TO THE OTHER COUNTRIES OF CEN-
TRAL AMERICA, SALVADOR, NICARAGUA,
AND COSTA RICA

BY

NEVIN O. WINTER

AUTHOR OF "MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE OF TO-DAY"

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL AND SELECTED PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR



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First Impression, July, 1909



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**TO
MY SISTER**

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For the better understanding of the pronunciation of the names of towns and places in Guatemala and other parts of Spanish America, the rule for their pronunciation is herewith given:

A	is pronounced like	ah	in	English
E	"	"	"	ay
I	"	"	"	ee
J	"	"	"	h
O	"	"	"	oh
U	"	"	"	oo
Ñ	"	"	"	ny
Hue	"	"	"	we
LL	"	"	"	lli (in million)
H	is silent			

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PREFACE

THE very generous reception accorded "Mexico and Her People of To-day," by both public and press, has led the author to believe that there is a field for a book upon a part of Central America covered by him in his travels, prepared on the same general lines as that book, and treating of the people and their customs, as well as the country, its resources and present state of development. There is also the belief in the mind of the author that the English-speaking people of America are becoming more and more interested each year in the "other Americans," those who speak the Latin tongues; but who proudly call themselves "Americans" also, and are as proud of the New World as those of Anglo-Saxon birth. This is his explanation, or apology, for giving to the public another book, which he hopes will receive as kindly a welcome as its predecessor.

This book is not the result of hurried prep-

aration, and its faults, whatever they may be, are not the result of hasty compilation. Following a tour through Guatemala and Honduras a careful reading of the available literature upon those countries has been made, and the work of preparation has spread over a period of almost two years. Care has been taken that the statements herein made should be true to the facts, and reliable. The publishers have done their part well in their efforts to make the book attractive and pleasing to the eye, and an ornament to the library. It is hoped that the wide range of subjects will render the volume of interest and value to anyone interested in the countries described.

The author desires to express his acknowledgment of obligation to Mr. I. W. Copelin for the use of a number of photographs taken by him during a recent visit to Guatemala; also to the publishers of the *World To-day* and *Leslie's Weekly*, for permission to use material and photographs which had first appeared in their publications.

TOLEDO, OHIO, June, 1909.

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GUATEMALA

CHAPTER I

TOLTEC LAND

THERE is a vast amount of ignorance and wrong conception prevalent concerning the republics of Central America. Mexico has been exploited a great deal in recent years and the whereabouts of Panama on the map is now pretty generally known, but the five republics lying between these two countries have been too much overlooked by recent writers. We are sometimes inclined to appropriate the term republic and the name American to ourselves as though we held a copyright on these words. And yet here at our very doors are five nations, each of which lays great stress on the term republic as applied to itself, and whose citizens proudly call themselves Americanos.

The ideas of many concerning the Central American republics are drawn from the play-

life of popular novels and the comic-opera stage. Although there may have been some foundation for their portrayal of political life along the shores of the Caribbean Sea, and there are some things approaching the burlesque to our eyes, yet there is a more serious side to life in these countries. There are thousands of Guatemalans, Honduraneans, Costa Ricans, Salvadoreans, and Nicaraguans, who are seriously trying to solve the problem of self-government, and they are improving each year. A whole country can not be plowed up and resown in a season as the corn-fields of last year were transformed by the farmers into the waving fields of golden grain this year. It is a long and hard task that is before these struggling Spanish-Americans, but they are now on the right road and will win. They deserve our sympathetic consideration rather than ridicule; and it behooves Americans to inform themselves concerning a people about whom they have thrown a protecting mantle in the shape of the Monroe Doctrine, and who lie at our very doors. Furthermore, the opportunities for commercial conquest invite the earnest thought and study of the great American public.

Guatemala, the largest and most important of these republics, has been described as the privileged zone of Central America and is easily reached from both sides by steamers, and will soon be connected with the northern republics by rail. It is a country of mountains, tropical forests, lakes, rivers, coast and plains. No portion of the earth presents a greater diversity of level in an equal amount of surface, or a greater variety of climate. Humboldt, the great traveller, described it as an extremely fertile and well cultivated country more than a century ago. To this day, however, there are great tracts of fertile virgin lands open to cultivation.

There are three minor mountain systems in the country. Of these the northern series is composed chiefly of denuded cones from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high with plains between; the central consists of ranges running from east to west and reaching a height of from seven to fourteen thousand feet; the southern branch comprises a number of volcanic peaks which culminate in several notable volcanoes. These ranges parallel the Pacific and are known as the Cordilleras.

The Pacific side of Central America, from

Guatemala to Nicaragua, is a highly volcanic region, and Guatemala has her full share. The many companion peaks and notched ranges as they are seen from the sea look like great fangs. In no country in the world can one find a greater number of perfect cones than in Guatemala where there are scores of these peaks ranging from Tajumulco (13,814 feet), and Tacana (13,334 feet), down to small cones only a few hundred feet above the sea level, yet maintaining the characteristic outline. Many of the peaks have never been ascended so that little is known about their formation. All of these volcanoes are now extinct, or at least quiescent, except Santa Maria (10,535 ft.), from which smoke and steam constantly issue out of a fissure, or crater, on the side several hundred feet from the top of the cone or crater proper. This volcano had been quiet so long that it was looked upon as extinct until early in April, 1902, rumblings were heard, and suddenly it belched forth mud and sand, throwing the latter fifty miles or more. By this eruption Quezaltenango, hitherto an enterprising town and second city in the republic, was almost ruined, and several thousand of its inhabitants destroyed. A number of villages near the base of the mountain

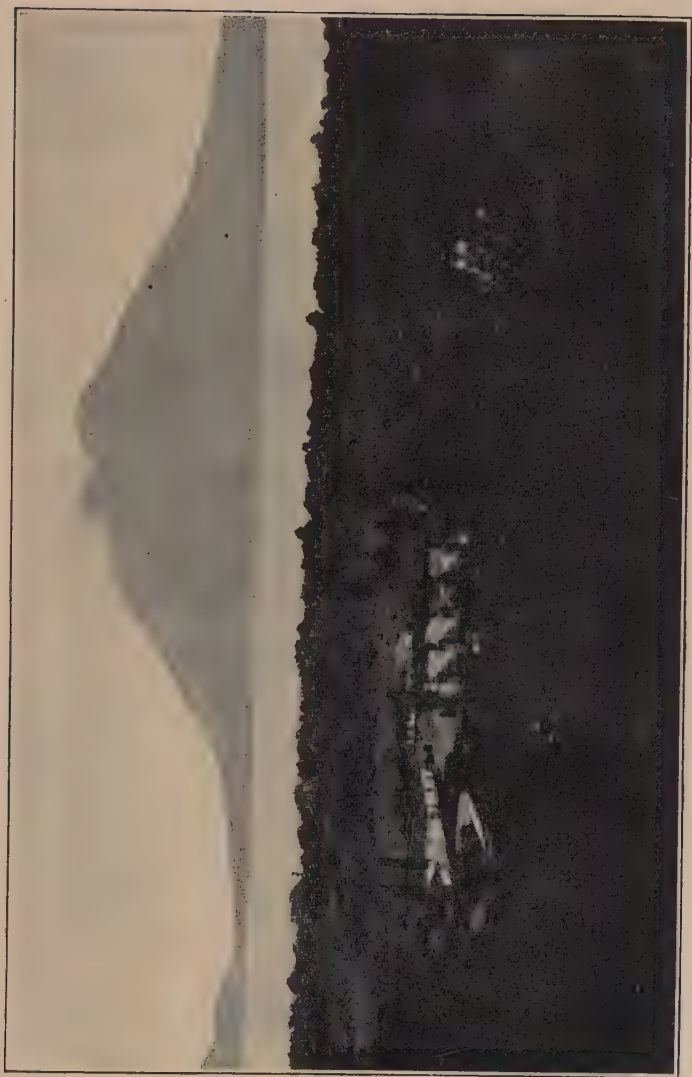
were almost completely demolished and a part of Ocos, the most northerly Pacific port, sank into the sea during one of the earthquakes which accompanied the eruption.

Since the settlement of the country in 1522 there are recorded some fifty eruptions and more than three hundred earthquakes, the last of which was in 1903. Nearly half of these eruptions were by Fuego, which has been quiescent for a number of years. This list does not include many little earthquakes of mild quality which frequently occur, thus showing that the cooling and wrinkling process of the earth is still proceeding. Innumerable hot springs are found in nearly every part of the country, while beds of scoriae, lava and great quantities of volcanic sand present in so many places testify to the numerous upheavals that have taken place in centuries now past.

In former times the natives are said to have cast living maidens into the craters of the volcanoes to appease the spirits or gods who were supposed to be angry. Later, after Christianity was introduced, the priests held masses and the people formed processions to calm the angry mountains, until finally the happy thought struck the priests of baptizing the vol-

canoes and formally receiving them into the church in order to make them good. This was finally done, but the "goodness" did not last, for even Santa Maria, supposed to be one of the "saintliest," went back to her old tricks, and her fall from grace was more disastrous than any of the other recorded instances of her uncertain disposition.

In the hollows of the mountains lie a number of beautiful lakes. Lakes Atitlan and Amatitlan are beautiful bodies of water almost as blue as the famous Swiss lakes and reposing in nearly as beautiful locations. The former is at an elevation of more than a mile, has no visible outlet and its depth is unknown. To replace the effect of the glacier-topped Alps there are the graceful conical peaks of the volcanoes. Lake Peten is another large lake about twenty-seven miles in length, but it is less beautiful and less accessible than those first mentioned. The town of Flores, capital of that province, is situated on an island in the lake. Lake Izabal, so called, but really an arm of the ocean, is the largest lake, being about forty miles long and from twelve to twenty miles in width. A few of the streams are navigable a short distance from the ocean for light craft, but none



From the Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics.

LAKE AMATITLAN ; WITH THE VOLCANOES OF AGUA AND FUEGO.

of them are very much aid to commerce except, perhaps, the Polochic, which pours itself into Lake Izabal.

There are about one hundred and sixty miles of coast line on the Atlantic, or Gulf, side of the republic. Puerto Barrios is the chief port now because of the railway terminal having been established at that place and it has been in existence less than twenty-five years. The Spaniards established no large settlement on this coast and the nearest city was Coban, at an altitude of four thousand feet, and about one hundred miles from the coast. To the English, who were always seeking to establish coast towns for the benefit of commerce, and with whom there were few inland cities, the location of the principal cities inland seems strange. Yet south of us in Central America, where the continent grows narrow and wrinkled, scowling as it were, a territory larger than all New England, this was the universal practice.

A commercial nation would long ago have established a harbour at Livingston, about twenty-five miles north of Puerto Barrios. It is situated on a bluff where a large city should be located, and has a far better climate than Vera Cruz, Mexico. Although several hundred

years old it is still nothing but a crude wall and palm-thatched village. Lowell has said " What is so rare as a day in June? " Here it is a perpetual June where the thermometer seldom exceeds 86 degrees, and it is generally considerably below that. Yellow fever has never become epidemic here, and the deaths from it, and other tropical fevers, are fewer than the victims of tuberculosis in northern climates. Livingston is at the mouth of the Rio Dulce (Sweet River), which, after a few miles inland from the coast, broadens out into Lake Izabal, and this lake would make a beautiful and commodious harbour, large enough to hold all the navies of the world. At the present time some sand bars impede the passage of vessels, but a few dredges would soon make a fine channel into the lake, where vessels would be perfectly protected from the severe " northers " which sometimes sweep over the Gulf.

The Pacific coast line with its indentations is almost three hundred miles long. The commerce in the early days was nearly all carried on through the small ports on this coast and transported to the cities in the interior. Guatemala City, Quezaltenango, Totonicapan and all the other principal cities on this slope, ex-

cept Retalhuleu and Mazatenango, are located at a distance of from sixty to one hundred miles from the sea, which meant a journey of from two to five days by the old means of conveyance which are still necessary to reach many of those centres of population.

Guatemala contains fifty thousand six hundred square miles, being about the size of Illinois, and extends from the thirteenth to the seventeenth degree north latitude. Its greatest length from north to south is three hundred and sixty miles, and its greatest breadth from east to west is three hundred and ninety miles. The range of mountains, or Cordilleras, which runs through the country northeasterly and southwesterly, seems to be a connecting link between the Rocky and Andes ranges. The climate varies through the background of mountains, the sloping direction, the nearness to the sea, or the direction and force of the periodical winds. Depending upon altitude the climate ranges from torrid heat on the coast to regions where snow occasionally falls on the crest of the mountains. The *tierra caliente* (hot land) is the name given to those lands up to two thousand feet high. From two thousand to five thousand feet is found the *tierra*

templada, and above that is the *tierra fria* (the cold land). From May to October the rainy season occurs with great regularity. The coldest months are December and January, and the hottest months March and April. By reason of this variation in temperature and soil, all the products of the torrid and temperate zones can be cultivated.

The average person has a habit of associating tropical lands with the idea of intense and disagreeable heat. This person does not stop to think that the conditions are often much different from what they seem on the map. Even at the equator, which one would naturally think almost uninhabitable, the upland sections are just as well adapted for the abode of white people as the temperate zone. If one should start at sea level, at the equator, and ascend the mountains one mile, he will experience the same change in temperature as to go due north one thousand miles. If he goes up another mile he will find the summer temperature lower than in that part of North America twenty-five hundred miles north of the equator. The same is true in Central America, for climate is determined by altitude and not by nearness to the equatorial line.

The population of Guatemala in 1904 was estimated to be 1,842,000, of whom about fifty per cent are full blooded Indians and forty per cent are Ladinos, or those of mixed blood. The Ladinos are descendants of the early Spanish conquerors and natives and are generally superior to the natives, although in some instances they seem to have inherited the evil of both races. The remaining ten per cent comprise the Creole, or Spanish, population, who form the aristocracy. A few thousand foreigners are also engaged in business in the country.

Guatemala is a republic modelled in form after the United States. It is made up of twenty-two provinces, termed *departmentos*, whose chief officer is called a *jefe politico* and who is appointed by the president. The *departmentos* are again subdivided into municipal districts, of which there are three hundred and thirty-one, at the head of which is one or several *alcaldes*, or mayors. Again, for political purposes, the country is divided into thirty-eight electoral districts. There is a congress of deputies elected by the people on the basis of one deputy for each twenty thousand inhabitants. The President is elected by an electoral college for a term of six years. He is not supposed

to be re-elected without one term intervening, but this little matter never seems to trouble an ambitious President, for, if Congress is favourable, the law can easily be changed. He has six secretaries and an additional advisory body of nine members of whom a majority are selected by the House of Deputies and the remainder appointed. There has never been a real President, for each one has been a practical dictator, and made the attempt, at least, to run everything his own way. A dictator, however, like Porforio Diaz, one who was far-sighted enough to see what was for the best interest of his country and had the ability to carry into effect his ideas for the upbuilding of his country, would do far more for Guatemala in her present condition than a man elected president by popular suffrage.

It was curiosity, the mother of science, that became the mother of the new world, gave birth to continents, islands and seas, and gave form as well as boundary to the earth. After the first few discoveries were made the sea soon carried the Spanish galleons to the newly-discovered lands filled with the cavaliers and peasants of that country. These adventurers who carried the flag of Spain into the New World

were men of great physical endurance, but possessed of little character, and that little dwarfed by the lust of gold. They were soldiers of fortune who came to destroy and not to create. Even Columbus, who ranked high above the other *conquistadores* in character, was led to make his first landing on the American mainland by the sight of natives wearing pieces of pure gold suspended around their necks along the shores of the Caribbean Sea. In looking for the source of this gold supply he made an expedition of several weeks in what is now the republic of Honduras, but without profitable results. No serious attempts at colonizing were made until the chief lieutenant of Cortez, Pedro de Alvarado, made his memorable and historic expedition against the Quiché tribe, of the wealth of which people marvellous reports had been brought. Alvarado was a past graduate of the Cortez school of intrigue, deception and duplicity, and soon made himself master of the province which was designated as the Kingdom of Guatemala. He was reckless, impetuous, and merciless; lacking in veracity if not common honesty, but zealous and courageous. His forces comprised one hundred and twenty horsemen, three hundred in-

fantry, including one hundred and thirty cross-bowmen, and twenty thousand picked native warriors. Spain was at once declared the sovereign power and Alvarado was established as the representative of that government. The incidents of the conquest of Mexico were repeated in a smaller and less impressive way since the number of the natives was not so great, and no powerful and advanced tribe such as the Aztecs held sway.

The Quiché Indians were, at that time, the most powerful tribe in Guatemala, but the domination of the country was shared with the Cakchiquels and Zutugils. News of the white men with their wonderful weapons of warfare had already reached these people. Kicab Tanub, King of the Quichés, tried to form an alliance with the other kings against the invading forces, but failed. This conference was held at Totonicapan and was attended by two hundred thousand warriors with great barbaric display. The Zutugils entered into an alliance with Alvarado after receiving certain promises. Alas! for the proffered friendship and friendly hand. It meant only vassalage for the natives and death for the kings.

Thus by lying, deceit, intrigue, duplicity and

even the good offices of some of the priests, the power of these mighty tribes was broken and the rule of Spain installed, and a new order of things was established. The people, except a few powerful chiefs, were enslaved. These few chiefs were released upon accepting baptism and went forth as missionaries to their people. Thousands of the natives were set at work making bricks, bringing stone and other building materials for the capital, which was established in a beautiful valley between the mountains in the very shadow of two volcanic peaks which were destined to bring death and disaster upon the invaders, as if in revenge for their trampling upon the rights and freedom of those to whom this valley rightfully belonged. The labour of tens of thousands of enslaved natives resulted in a beautiful city which was overthrown and destroyed in a night of terrible thunder and lightning, of frightful rumblings of the earth, and of a terrific rushing of waters which laid the whole city waste.

CHAPTER II

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN

AFTER a tour of the land of the Aztecs I embarked at Salina Cruz, that new Pacific port of Mexico whose importance in the commercial world is just beginning to be felt, and started on a journey to the land of the Toltecs. Passage was taken on the good ship *Menes* of the Kosmos Line, and never were passengers in better hands. There were only five first-class passengers and they made rather a cosmopolitan gathering in the cabin each evening. They were an American, a Scotchman, an Englishman, a Spaniard and a Columbian and these, together with three members of the crew, the captain, doctor and first officer, all Germans, made up the personnel of those who gathered around the table at each meal. I did not mention that there were ten Mexican bulls that had taken passage on the first cabin deck destined for a bull-fight in Guatemala City. As these animals were safely boxed up, however, they

were not very sociable on the trip and scarcely made their presence known by even a bellow.

These coasting vessels are unique in the carrying trade. They have an extraordinary amount of deck space and carry everything from mail to fresh lettuce, and perform the functions of a freight steamer and market gardener. Your beefsteak or mutton of to-morrow stands on the hoof in the hatchway below, gazing up at you with inquiring eyes, and, on the upper deck, barnyard fowls blink reproachfully at you through the slats of their double-decked coops. The roustabout crew are Chilean *rotos*, who look as though they might be pleased to stick a knife between one's ribs. There are few tourists in the American sense of the word, and the passengers are mostly German, English or Yankee drummers, or engineers bound for railroads or mines in Central or South America, with occasionally a native army officer or merchant travelling from one port to another.

The harbours all along this coast are open roadsteads and the lack of harbour accommodations was evident at the first stop, San Benito, the southermost port in Mexico, and only a few miles from the Guatemala boundary. The vessel anchored almost a mile from the

shore. Because of a high surf it was necessary to wait a half-day before the harbour official could come out, and nothing can be done until this formality is complied with. At last a lighter, pulled by eight brown oarsmen standing up on a running-board, flying a tattered Mexican flag at the rear and a yellow quarantine flag at the fore, approached. San Benito boasts a lighthouse consisting of a light sustained on two high poles, a signal station similar to a band-stand in appearance, and a warehouse. A donkey-engine is employed to pull the boat through the heavy surf by means of a cable. After unloading a mixed cargo and taking on three thousand bags of coffee destined for Hamburg, all of which required three days, the ship steamed to Ocos, the first port in Guatemala. The massive iron pier at this place was destroyed by the last earthquake in 1902, and it required a day to unload the cargo there and take on a few hundred bags of coffee, and then we started for Champerico.

Guatemala is a corruption of an Indian word meaning "a land covered with trees." And so it seemed, for the whole shore was a dense, impenetrable forest of tropical growth, whose topmost points are the plumes of waving palms,



LANDING AT CHAMPERICO.

clear to the background of mountains, from which arise many volcanic peaks, making a beautiful and impressive sight. We were aroused in the morning by the snorting and puffing of a little tug which now enlivens the harbor of Champerico and jerks the lighters around with a great show of hustle. Because of the shallow water, it is necessary to anchor out some distance from the shore, and the cargo, as well as passengers, is carried back and forth in these boats. After such a wait as the dignity of the occasion demands, the *commandante* came out rich in gold embroidered blue coat and yellow-striped red trousers. The captain escorted him into the cabin where a few samples of bottled goods were inspected. A couple of hours later the *commandante* came out smiling, even if a little less steady on his feet, and we were permitted to land. Landing at this port is, in itself, quite an undertaking, for the passenger is seated in a chair which is whisked over the side of the boat by a steam crane and dropped into a waiting lighter, together with a medley of boxes, barrels, trunks, personal luggage, and various other kinds of impedimenta. The lighter was quickly drawn to the great, lofty pier by the spiteful little tug with which

it was connected by a long hawser. When near the pier the hawser was dropped, but the distance was well calculated and the lighter calmly floated to the proper place, and we were lifted up to the pier in another chair by a similar operation. The process is probably less dangerous than it looks, but the passenger breathes freer when the operation is over with and he is safely landed in this land of political disturbances and make-believe money. It cost me seven dollars to land, but when they exchanged six dollars for one Mexican peso, it was not so expensive, for the Mexican eagle on a silver dollar was only worth half as much as the proud bird of Uncle Samuel in the same place.

The piers at Guatemala ports are all the property of private companies operating under concessions, that simply receive passengers at a fixed charge and freight at a given rate for each hundred pounds and transport it to the custom-house, which is invariably at the end of the pier, so that there is no chance for escape from the customs officers. Baggage exceeding one hundred pounds becomes quite a burden as the charges are excessive for the service rendered. The Aduana, or custom-house, is no unimportant factor in the scheme of government

here as there is very little that escapes duty, although it is hinted that some of the duties collected never reach the government coffers. Then, in addition to an import customs, there is even an export duty on coffee which gives the little, uniformed officials more to do.

My experience with these officials gave the first insight into the suspicion with which a stranger is regarded in that country during troublous times, and nearly all times are more or less unsettled under the present government. The two officials carefully scrutinized every article. A number of letters that I had received in Mexico attracted their attention, both officials carefully scrutinizing each one until they reached a letter of introduction to "His most Excellent and Illustrious Señor Don ———," a member of the President's Cabinet, when they carefully placed everything back and politely told me that there was no duty to be paid. The name of one so close to the President seemed to remove all suspicion of smuggling at least. I was obliged to give them my name and destination, as I had already done at the pier, and was met by an officer at the door who conducted me to the *commandante's* office, where my whole pedigree was asked; and again at the station

the same interrogatories had to be answered. All of these experiences were amusing rather than otherwise, for no discourtesy was shown and all the soldiers were polite. They simply served to break the monotony of tedious travel.

“ Is there a revolution in Guatemala now? ”

This was about the first question I asked after sitting down to breakfast in the dining-room of a small boarding-house run by a German woman. The question was prompted by definite reports which had reached us at San Benito, Mexico, that ex-President Barillas was at Tapachula with about twenty-five followers “ armed to the teeth.” At any time, however, it would be the proper question to ask at breakfast, or not later than dinner, for revolutions are the only things that occur in a hurry down there.

Absolute silence followed the question for some time. Finally, a native Guatemaltecan (thus it is they write it and not Guatemalan) answered with “ No, there is no revolution.”

After this man had gone out, an American who had been sitting at the table took up the question and said that there was considerable talk of a revolution because of dissatisfaction, and the government was very much alarmed.

He added, " We have to be very careful what we say, as spies are everywhere, and the man who first answered you is one of them."

Champerico is a town of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants and not a very attractive place, as a great part of it is made up of the poor, native quarters. It is usually very hot in the sun, although pleasant in the shade. The railway promised an early escape, but the prospective passengers were informed that the train was off the track just outside the town and it was late in the afternoon before the train finally started. The train only went as far as Retalhuleu that night, about twenty miles, as the engineer would not risk running after it became dark. The country through which the road passed exhibited a rank and luxuriant growth of tropical foliage, the product of a swampy soil and moist climate.

That same evening in the Hotel Pantoja, a very good ten dollar a day hotel, while sitting in the office engaged in conversation with another American, the landlord, who did not understand English, walked by us twice with a warning gesture to be careful what was said. He afterwards explained that there was another American present in the room who was looked

upon as a spy. This alleged spy I met on the train later, and he proved to be an aide on the staff of President Cabrera. Although a citizen of the United States by birth, he was a man, who, as I afterwards learned, from personal observation, stood quite high in government circles and would scarcely have been a good man to entrust with any plots against the government of his chief.

We left Retalhuleu the following morning before daylight for the ride to Guatemala City. The distance is about one hundred and fifty miles, but it was a fourteen hour journey according to the schedule, which is a fair illustration of the speed of railroad travel in this country. The train was a mixed one made up of freight and first and second class passenger coaches, the latter being continually crowded with Indians. After a soldier had taken the names and destination of all the passengers the train was allowed to proceed.

The mail coach on this train consisted of a small corner in one car and was in charge of one clerk. This fellow got off at a station for some purpose but lingered a little too long, and the train had started when he reached it. He was afraid to jump on the train in motion and

followed us as far as we could see him, waving his hands wildly and racing in the hot sun. The conductor was obdurate and would not stop for him, so the last half day's run was made without a mail clerk and I do not know what the people did for their mail. As a rule, however, that is not very heavy. The conductor dismissed the matter by saying that "he had no business to leave the train."

Through this part of the republic the cochineal used to be cultivated extensively. The cochineal is a little insect which clings to the leaves of the *nopal*, a species of the cactus. The insects on the leaves give it a very peculiar "warty" appearance. Just before the rainy season begins the leaves of the *nopal* are cut off and hung in a dry place. Then they are scraped, the insects being killed by being baked in a hot oven which gives them a brownish colour and makes a scarlet or crimson dye; or, they are put into boiling water, when they become black and furnish a blue or purple dye. When prepared for market they are worth several dollars per pound, as it is slow and tedious work to separate the insects from the cactus. It is estimated that there are seventy thousand insects to the pound. When you consider that

more than a million tons of the cochineal dye were exported in a single year at one time, a slight idea may be gained of the magnitude of the industry before the cheaper chemical dyes destroyed the market for the cochineal. At present the insect is cultivated only for local use, as the natives prefer it to colour their gayly-hued cotton and woollen fabrics. It can be said of it that the colour will stand almost any amount of rain and sunshine and the tints are as beautiful and pure as one could desire.

The greater part of the land along the line of this railway is cultivated after a fashion, but only in a careless and desultory way. None of the towns are very large and the villages poor but fairly numerous. At Escuintla the passengers were obliged to change to the Central Railroad and take the train which had come up from the coast on its way to the capital.

After leaving Escuintla the road skirts around the base of Agua and begins to climb up the mountain range. In the next thirteen miles the road ascends more than twenty-five hundred feet, which takes it into another zone. The track crosses numerous large and deep gorges. The tangled, tropical forests have dis-

appeared and coffee and cane plantations become numerous. The smooth slopes of Agua and Fuego are rich in cultivation. At nearly every station women appear with all kinds of fruits for sale, as well as eggs, cakes, *dulces* (candies), etc. Never did I eat more delicious pineapples than those secured right here. They were great, luscious, toothsome fruits. Oranges cannot compare with the cultivated and developed fruit of California, but bananas were fine and much better than the fruit generally sold at our own fruit stands.

Lake Amatitlan is passed and a pretty little body of water it is nestling in the hollow of the hills. There are many boiling springs near its shores, which show how near it is to the unsettled forces of nature. The washwomen take advantage of this water heated by nature, as it saves them trouble and fuel and is always ready for use. The villages become more numerous as the city is approached, and factory buildings and the white walls of the *haciendas* which dot the landscape here and there make a pleasing contrast. Some lava beds are passed showing that nature has created disturbances in the past quite freely. At last the final ridge is passed, and there, nestling in the valley, is

the City of Guatemala. Its situation is somewhat similar to the valley of Mexico, though it is not nearly so large; neither are the surrounding barriers of the mountains so high; nor are the lakes present, which gave the City of Mexico the name of the New-World Venice.

A couple of years ago it was impossible to travel by rail all the way from Guatemala City to the Gulf coast, and it was necessary to leave the city on the back of that sadly-wise, much-neglected creature — the mule, for there was no carriage road. This method of travel entails hardships, but I believe that it has its compensations. Byron says:

“Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.”

Two other Americans, residents of the country, were going and invited me to join them. The liveries wanted three hundred dollars each from us for three saddle mules, a cargo mule and *mozo* (servant). An old Indian in the country furnished the same for sixty-five dollars each — just about five dollars in gold —



THE VOLCANO AGUA.

which was cheap enough for a four days' journey to the railroad and back.

It was the intention of our party to start at five o'clock in the morning, as we had to cover forty-eight miles that day in order to reach a decent stopping-place for the night. The old Indian did not show up until nearly six, and he then came very much excited for some one had broken into his stable and stolen a saddle and a couple of bridles. He was able, however, to fit us out in fairly respectable style, and we started on our long and — to me — uncomfortable but never-to-be-forgotten journey. It was just at sunrise and the beauty of the picture as we left the city and climbed the encircling girdle of hills will ever remain with me. I could not refrain from looking back several times at the historic old city with its low buildings and lofty churches which seemed to have such an unusual height. The bells were ringing out the mass and all was quiet, for the traffic had not yet begun in the city. In the distance the great volcano Agua looked down upon the slumbering city from its stately, cloud-flecked cone.

A few drivers of oxen had started their awkward trains for the day's work. The skill with

which these drivers guided, turned, stopped, and started these bulky "critters," who draw their loads entirely from the yokes attached to their horns, is remarkable. No goad or whip was needed, for a long slim stick, and a shrill, sibilant hiss, seemed all that was necessary to guide them. With heads bowed in submission, these mild-eyed beasts of burden and faithful friends of man seemed to obey the *carreteros* implicitly except when, once in a while, an unruly one might display a slight perverseness. Then it was a revelation to listen to the blood-curdling blasphemy that poured forth in an unremitting stream from the amber-hued driver's lips.

For about twenty miles there is a rough carriage road, and many journeyed in vehicles that far in order to avoid as much of the long ride on mules as possible. The scenery is beautiful as the road winds along near a stream for a long distance. We caught many glimpses of domestic scenes in the little huts along the road where the chickens, pigs and dogs seemed as much at home in the house, which usually consists of one room, as any of the human members. One writer gives an account of stopping at one of these huts at night. He says that



OX-CART AND NATIVE DRIVER.

“ten human beings, twelve chickens, three pigs, and insects innumerable passed the night in a room not more than twenty feet square.” I can well believe in the literal truth of this statement from the sights that I saw all over the country.

The most interesting feature of the journey was the constant stream of men and women on the road, most of them headed for Guatemala City. The visitor to this country who confines his journeying to the iron horse misses these unique experiences and can not get so good an insight into the country and its people as he who is willing to endure a little hardship.

After about a seven hours' continuous journey we reached a place called Agua Caliente (the warm water) where we were to obtain our dinner. This was an event anxiously awaited by me, for I was saddle-weary and nearly exhausted, not being accustomed to the saddle, and especially to mountain roads. Imagine my disappointment when the “posada” consisted of a poor cottage where a half dozen naked children were running around, none of whom would satisfy the modern conception of cleanliness. The only articles of furniture were some benches and a poor excuse for a table.

Even tables are dispensed with in some of these houses and meals are eaten off the shelves. The fewer the articles of furniture, however, the fewer lurking places are provided for cockroaches, scorpions or centipedes. The kitchen outfit consisted of a sort of stove made of plaster and sticks, a pot or two, a tin pan, a few earthen jugs, and a good *metate* on which to beat the *tortillas* into shape.

After some parleying the good housewife prepared for us *tortillas*, *frijoles negros* (black beans), some soft boiled eggs, and coffee. These people make a coffee essence by grinding and roasting, or burning, the coffee berries, which are then pulverized and boiled for hours. This essence is placed in bottles which are set on the table along with a jug of hot water so that you can dilute it to suit yourself. Although it tastes rather bitter at first, it has the merit of being a great stimulant, as I can testify from personal experience, and I grew to rather like it. The *tortillas* are made of corn which has first been soaked in lime water until pasty, and is then rolled, patted and tossed, and made into cakes in appearance about like pancakes. They require more labour in preparation than almost any other kind of food. Black

beans are one of the staple foods of the country and will be found not only in the humble cottage of the peon at each meal, but on the table of the rich man at least twice a day.

I wanted a drink of water and so requested of the man of the house as soon as we arrived. "In a moment," he said. In fifteen or twenty minutes I asked again for the water. The answer was a "*momentita*," a little moment. I spoke of it several times, but after an hour and half's rest we left and the "*momentita*" had not yet elapsed. It is simply an instance of the character of the people.

Journeying across country by mule, and over a rough road, is not a very sociable way to travel. My mule was the slowest gaited one and persisted in lagging behind about a quarter of a mile until I became too weary to spur him to greater effort. There was scarcely a mile of level road, but it was first up hill and then down, and the latter was hardest on the rider. The path in places was very narrow so that two mules could scarcely pass. On one side would be a sheer declivity of several hundred feet at the bottom of which a roaring mountain stream ran with deafening noise. On the other side was a wall of rock. The mule persisted in

walking almost on the very edge much to my discomfort. I let him have his own way, however, according to advice, and had no reason to regret it. A surer footed animal never existed than the little tan mule allotted to me, for on dangerous paths he never made a misstep. Some of the descents were so steep that he was obliged to zigzag across the path to prevent slipping and possible fatality.

As we reached higher altitudes the views became more and more magnificent. We passed through groves of oaks and pines and encountered relatives of the thistle and sunflower that, in this land of botanical exuberance, have attained to the dignity of shrubs and trees. Olive-green mistletoe, in masses several feet in diameter, hung from high branches and there were birds so gay of plumage that they seemed like fragments of a disintegrated rainbow as they floated by us.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the crest of the mountain. One of my companions pointed out a village in the distance. "That," he said, "is Sanarate, where we will stop to-night." It seemed to me that we ought to reach it in about an hour. Our little party started to descend and we were an



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JOURNEYING ACROSS COUNTRY BY MULE.

hour and half in reaching a level surface. Then we crossed a stream, went up a hill and still on, and always on, until darkness had fallen. Had I been alone I should have dropped off under a tree, or at a hut alongside the road, or done anything but go on. And yet I could not be blind to the magnificence of the night, for the skies were brilliant with thousands of stars unseen in these northern latitudes. At times I could forget my troubles and see only the blazing, radiant firmament. Thus it was that I followed the leaders, and finally, weary and aching, we entered the courtyard of a cheery-looking, comfortable hotel where the jolly German host made us welcome to the best his house afforded. Never did the smell of supper seem more refreshing, and never did palatable food taste better than it did that night to me in the *fonda* of Sanarate.

Here I experienced a sample of a native bed, if such an arrangement of folding sticks and tight-stretched canvas can be called a bed. It is a simple cot of canvas without a mattress, a microscopic pillow, and a few covers. One writer graphically describes his experience with such a cot: "I have tossed on this cot racked with fever, listening day and night to

the discords of a neighbouring graphophone hoarsely venting grand opera and negro minstrelsy, my temperature at one hundred and seven, and with two hundred grains of quinine scattered through my anatomy. I wish my worst enemy a no more hideous experience." I was, however, weary enough to sleep on a stone floor and never slept sounder than I did that night on that hard, unyielding cot, and awakened in the morning refreshed and ready for the remaining twenty-four miles of the journey.

Bright and early the next morning our little cavalcade left this cheerful hostelry and wended its way on toward the Gulf. We were thankful indeed that our lot had been cast in such a pleasant place. This hotel was made possible by the number of foreigners engaged in surveying and grading the new railroad which passed through this village. Few towns of this size in Guatemala can boast of a hotel, and, in the absence of such accommodations, the traveller is either obliged to take refuge at a native hut or in the *cabildo*, the public hall, which is always free and open to the traveller and is generally anything but an attractive place, for cleanliness is not one of its attributes, as it

seems to be no one's particular duty to look after it.

There were no such steep ascents or descents this day as we had on the first day's journey through the mountainous region, although we were constantly going down into a lower altitude. Scarcely had we left the village until our path was sheltered from the sun by a wonderful curtain of vegetation that seemed to belong to fairy land. Woven into it were fantastic ferns, lianes that swung from the tops of lofty trees, splendid orchids and bromeliads, and the rustling, waving fronds of many palms. It was such a road as I had never seen before. Reaching the end of this enchanted road I saw my companions disappear down a densely-wooded ravine, for my mule was lagging behind as usual. I did not see them for more than an hour, as the ravine twisted and turned so much that one's range of vision was very small, although the scenery was beautiful. The path crossed and re-crossed the little stream many times. I grew rather alarmed when the paths forked, but trusted to my nondescript steed rather from necessity than confidence. We finally left the ravine and came out upon the first level road we had travelled since leaving

Guatemala City, and there were my companions at just about the regulation distance in advance.

The number of natives travelling on foot the same way we were going was unusually large and kept increasing each mile. All the by-paths contained their quota, who joined those on the main road, like the little rivulets which made up the great stream. All were dressed in their best, for that is usually about all they possess; at least their clothes were freshly washed and looked unusually well. Men, women and children, all in family groups, moved along at a rapid pace as if drawn by a powerful magnet.

The number of Indians kept increasing more and more for the next few miles, each carrying their baskets of food and many stopping along the road to eat. At last we reached a town where a fiesta was in progress, and this seemed to be their Mecca. All along the road from the capital we had noticed decorated arches erected over the road every few miles. A bishop had come to this village and these arches had been erected in his honour. It was the first time for nine years that a clergyman had been in that village. It was the duty of a priest living about thirty miles away to come here at least once

each year to perform marriage ceremonies, baptisms, and other religious ceremonies. He started each year, but failed to come because he always got thoroughly saturated with liquor each time before he had travelled this far.

One incident happened here which rather discomfited an American liquor salesman whom I met. He had sent several mule cargoes of liquor over for the train that we were attempting to make in order to ship it to Honduras. It is necessary for each driver in charge of such merchandise to have a "guia" showing that all government fees had been paid. The driver did not have his in proper shape, so the *commandante* arrested the whole outfit, mules, driver, and whisky. They extracted a few gallons of the liquid cheer to aid in the proper celebration of the priest's coming, and then let the driver proceed unmolested.

A journey of a few more hours brought us to Rancho San Agustin, or, as it is generally called, El Rancho, the end of our mule journey, for a train at that time ran once a week to Puerto Barrios. This train left El Rancho on Sunday morning at 6.30, taking two days for the one hundred and twenty-nine miles to the Gulf, and just making connection with the

weekly mail steamer for New Orleans. Although we had travelled forty-eight miles the first day and twenty-four miles the second day by one o'clock in the afternoon, our boy *mozo*, who took a different route, and walked all the way, driving the cargo mule loaded with our baggage before him, arrived just about one hour later than we did. Several other passengers for the weekly train were already there, having started a day earlier than ourselves. Our hotel was a big two-story frame building—the first frame building that I had seen in the country. It looked almost colossal by the side of a little thatch cottage in an adjoining enclosure, and had been built by the railroad company for its employees and patrons. It cost only twenty dollars a day at this hostelry in the stage money of the country.

This unfilled gap in the steel highway between the two great oceans was a blessing and delight, for a more interesting region would be hard to find. Across the great Montagua Valley to the north were the beautiful Sierras de las Minas, whose slopes are kept always bright and verdant by perpetual, though ever-changing, clouds and mists. Even though they are not snow-capped and rugged like the Alps,



SCENE AT EL RANCHO.

these mountains of Guatemala have a weirdness and fascination that it is hard to describe. Everywhere the cacti-like trees reared their thorny, spreading arms. Though the grasses of the valley were sere and dry, for this was the dry season, they were not dead, for the first few days of summer rains transform them into a carpet of vivid green.

The view from El Rancho is magnificent. It is in a valley on the bank of a stream, while the range of mountains towers above it in the distance. On the slopes the green fields glistened in the sun. Although the sun was hot and dry in the village, over on the hills it was raining, and we could hear peals of thunder and see the bright flashes of lightning which accompanied the tropical outpour. A small stream that came from that direction soon became a raging torrent, thus showing the violence of the storm.

It seemed good to hear the clanging of the bell and the tooting of the whistle of an American locomotive early the next morning. By the noise it made one would think that it was the overland limited impatient to be off. When all was ready we started out and at no time did the train move faster than eight miles an hour. No one of the passengers, however, after look-

ing at the track and rails, where there were scarcely two ties to each rail that would hold a spike in many places, urged the engineer to greater speed. The necessary water for the engine was supplied on several occasions by water carried from a stream to the tender by a bucket-brigade which passed the bucket from hand to hand along to its destination.

El Rancho is just within the border of the *tierra caliente*, and the graceful cocoanut palm is to be seen there as well as the tree cacti, which increase in size and number according to elevation. The presence of the cacti is a sure indication of a dry season which prevails for several months each year. The green cocoanut furnishes one of the most refreshing and delightful drinks of the tropics. The natives take the cocoanut, chop off the end with a *machete*, and drink the fluid that it contains directly from the shell. This native weapon shaped somewhat like an old-fashioned corn cutter is a very useful instrument with these people. It answers for a shovel, knife, axe, pump-handle, fishing rod, and weapon of defence as well as offence.

Gualan, fifty-five miles from the starting point, marked the end of the first day's jour-

ney. It is a small town made up of a few adobe buildings and many thatch cottages of natives. It is a picturesque place on the high banks above the Montagua River, which at this point is a very swift stream. A picturesque ferryman attracted my attention and I waited almost an hour to get a good picture of him and his dugout canoe. When he was in position the sun would not shine and when the sun was visible the boatman was missing from the picture, and it was necessary to use the very quickest exposure because of the swiftness of the stream.

A loud-voiced American with a big revolver in his holster, looking like a cheap imitation of the Western desperado, had attracted my attention on the train, and he proved to be the landlord of the half-caste hotel in this town. As it was the only stopping-place in Gualan there was no choice for the traveller. As the evening hours wore away and his stock of liquors was reduced by his own patronage of the bar, the landlord became more noisy and quarrelsome until one man took offence and said a few sharp words which stopped his *braggadocia* manner. It looked for a while as though the quarrel would end in a shooting, and would have done so, if the landlord had

not calmed down and retracted some of his statements.

Many of the Americans scattered down through the tropical countries are not very representative characters. Alienated from all home influences, they set up an alliance with some native woman and abandon themselves to the cheer of the *cantina*, or saloon. Many of these men perhaps would only drink moderately at home, if at all, but in these tropical climes they let down every bar to vice and pander to their baser natures. I will never forget one American railroad man whom I met in Guatemala City one morning. He had just begun his drinking and was very communicative. We were at the station and he looked around and said: "They try to keep a fellow in a perpetual state of intoxication down here. See! there is a *cantina*, and there is another, and another. You go to the Plaza and it is *cantina* everywhere. I have been trying for two years to save enough money to get back to the States, but they won't let me. Last month, I earned \$800 (about \$60 in gold) and I have only got a few dollars left." Later in the day I saw him at the bull-ring throwing paper dollars at a crowd of boys who followed



A VILLAGE NEAR THE COAST.

him about until the police drove them away. Soon he will join the ever-increasing band of American tramps that one finds there. Beggars are numerous in the country, but they are not all natives, nor Indians, and the American can be found among them fully as abject and degraded as any others of that class.

There are only a few villages from Gualan to Puerto Barrios and they are not very populous. They looked almost like African towns with their huts made of palm and bamboo. The paths in the villages were all narrow, and grass and weed grown. There were thorns to scratch the bare feet and hooked seeds of plants that cling to the clothes — but this can be duplicated almost anywhere. The building of a hut is a simple proposition, for all the Indian has to do is to go into the forest and cut some bamboo poles and some palm leaves or banana stalks for a roof, and he has all the material necessary. A few poles are set into the ground, establishing the size, and to these, by means of vines, are attached many horizontal reeds or poles. These may be close together or several inches apart, and sometimes mortar or stones are used to fill in the wall. The same style of steep roof is always made. Sometimes the en-

trance is closed by a hinged door, but a piece of loosely swinging cloth answers the same purpose and does just as well.

After an all-day's journey we at last reached Puerto Barrios. The nearer we approached the coast the denser became the vegetation and the more impenetrable the forests, or jungles, which is really a more appropriate term.

Near Puerto Barrios and a few miles to the west is the port of Santo Tomas. It is situated on a bay which makes a good harbour and was established in 1843 by a colony of Belgians. Like many tropical colonies it proved a failure because of the lack of foresight on the part of the promoters and an absolute ignorance of tropical conditions and the precautions necessary for health and success. Several hundred people comprised the original colony, but it soon dwindled through deaths and departures until now it is a small village although it is still a port of entry. The railroad terminus being established at its near-by rival sealed the doom of its future prospects, although its natural advantages are probably superior to its more fortunate neighbour. The fate of this colony is simply another illustration of the care and foresight necessary on the part of those seeking



PLANTATION HOUSE ON LAKE IZABAL.

to establish colonies in a new country and under conditions so much different from those with which the prospective colonists are familiar.

It would be unfair to the reader and an injustice to the country to leave this coast without a description of Lake Izabal and the river leading to it, for this river rivals the far-famed Saguenay in beauty and grandeur of scenery. It is a sail of less than two hours across the choppy seas of the Gulf of Amatique from Puerto Barrios to Livingston, which is situated at the mouth of the Rio Dulce (the sweet river), the entrance to which is through a high wall of cliffs. For the first few miles after leaving Livingston on the way up the river the shores are lined with some fine banana plantations and a succession of gently sloping and verdant hills that reach an altitude of a thousand feet. To the north are the Sierra de Santa Cruz mountains running parallel to the river, and to the south and in plain view are the more distant Sierras de Las Minas, both of these ranges being covered to their very summits with many shades of rich green foliage. Then after passing a bend in the river the little steamer enters a narrow canyon with towering cliffs on either

side, and for several miles there is a succession of scenes of wild beauty.

At one point the rocky walls rise almost perpendicularly from the water to a height of several hundred feet. Instead of barren cliffs, however, the sides are almost completely covered with vegetation so that the rocks are seldom visible. From every foothold springs a dense growth of tropical vegetation and from every crevice hang vines and shrubbery swaying like green curtains in the breeze, and dipping their foliage in the river. Higher up are giant trees, covered with thousands of beautiful orchids, which cast their shadows in the deep blue waters underneath. All of this renders the scene one of dazzling beauty when the overhead skies are clear and the bright sun brings out the contrasts of sunlight and shadow.

At last the towering walls become broken and finally recede, banana plantations again appear, and the river broadens out into the Gulf of Golfete, which is a pretty little body of water about two miles broad and eight or ten miles in length, and is dotted with a number of pretty little green islands. Another connecting stream leads into that inland sea called Lake Izabal. On one bank of this stream stands the old



LAKE IZABAL.

Spanish fort of San Felipe, which was never very formidable and is now only a joke as fortifications go. In the olden time Port Izabal on the lake was the principal port and the approach was protected by this fortification. It is nearly forty-eight miles from Livingston. The high walls stand out boldly, but they are partly covered with climbing vines and mosses. It affords, however, a fine view of Lake Izabal with its broad expanse of blue waters and its shores a seemingly impenetrable jungle, except where a cleared space marks the location of a banana plantation. Its wooded shores are low, but the land rises gently to the background of mountains many miles away. Occasionally showers of short duration follow along the mountain slopes, and when the clouds have passed away the most brilliant of rainbows appears. As there are showers within view almost every day it might almost be called a land of rainbows. The waters of the lake are alive with many varieties of fish, the quiet coves and bays are the haunts of the alligator, while in the jungle may be found the small deer and bear of the country.

The old town of Izabal, once the port and a prosperous place, but now dwindled to a

straggling, thatch-roofed village, reposes in perpetual *siesta* on the southern shore of the lake. Santa Cruz is another village on the north shore, where there is a sawmill and a small collection of native huts and a few better buildings which house the white inhabitants.

A number of small streams pour their waters into Lake Izabal. The principal stream, however, is the Polochic, which is navigable as far as Panzos, a distance of about thirty or forty miles, for light-draught steamers. There is a regular weekly service maintained by a steamer which brings down the mails, passengers and freight from Coban, the capital of Alta Verapaz, to make connection with the weekly steamer sailings for New Orleans. The river is not very wide, the course rather tortuous and the current swift, especially in the rainy seasons, so that boating is quite an exciting experience for the novice. This route was formerly and still is the main trade route for the natives of the Coban and Peten district who bring their produce down the Polochic and Chocon rivers in their dugouts, called pitpans, to the lake and then to the markets of Livingston. It is quite a common sight to pass their boats loaded with cocoanuts, bananas, plantains or other fruits

or fish, with the brown native and his wife industriously paddling the same.

There are few places in the world where there is such an abundance of life, both plant and animal, as in the Lake Izabal district. Perennial moisture reigns in the soil and uninterrupted summer in the air, so that vegetation luxuriates in ceaseless activity all the year around. To this genial influence of ever-present moisture and heat must be ascribed the infinite variety of trees and plants. The trees do not grow in clusters or groups of single species as in our northern woods, but the different varieties crowd each other in unsocial rivalry, each trying to overtop the other. The autumn tints of browns and yellows, crimsons and purples, are as unknown as the cold sleep of winter. The ceaseless round of ever-active life might seem to make the forest scenery of the tropics monotonous, but there is such an untold variety and beauty in it that the scene never grows tiresome. The beautiful description of spring with its awakening life by Lowell is applicable every day in the year in this region: —

“Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

.
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

The last two verses are especially true, for the insect life is almost incredibly abundant. Mosquitoes and sandflies there are in great numbers to annoy the visitor, and beautifully coloured butterflies upon which to feast one's eyes. I met three naturalists, who were called "bug hunters" by the people, one of whom was making a collection of dragon-flies, and another butterflies, and the third was gathering specimens of ferns. All of them had visited many parts of tropical America, but they found this section the most fruitful field in each line of research. Bugs and beetles, bees and wasps, ants and plant-lice, moths and spiders, and all the other little crawling and flying forms of life are innumerable in the number of individuals and a multitude in the variety of species represented.

The bright sparkling pools are the haunts of myriads of dainty little humming birds. One

naturalist has figured that these little fairy-like creatures equal in number all of the other birds together. They may be seen darting in and out among the flowers or, poised on wings, and clothed in their purple, golden or emerald beauty, hanging suspended in the air. Then, after a startled look at the intruder upon their haunts, turning first one eye and then the other, they will suddenly disappear like a flash of light.

CHAPTER III

THE CAPITAL

GUATEMALA CITY long ago laid aside its swaddling clothes. While Boston was yet a mere village, the capital of Guatemala was the abode of one hundred thousand people, and was surpassed in importance only by Lima, Peru, and the City of Mexico. It was the home of some of the most learned men in Spanish America, the site of great schools of theology and science, the seat of the Inquisition and the headquarters of the Jesuits. The present Guatemala City, however, is the third one to bear that name, the first two having been destroyed by volcanic disturbances. It is now the commercial, political and social centre of the republic, and in it is concentrated the wealth, culture and refinement of the whole country. Because of its superiority over other Central American municipalities Guatemala City has been called the "Little Paris," a designation very pleasing to the inhabitants of the metropolis of Central

America. Its similarity to Paris is about as great as that of St. Augustine to New York.

The present city was founded in 1776, just about the time that the American patriots were breaking the shackles which bound them to the mother country. The former capital, now known as Antigua, was located about thirty miles distant, near the base of the volcanoes Agua (water) and Fuego (fire), the latter so called because formerly it constantly emitted smoke and flames. Suddenly, one evening, earthquake rumblings were heard, intense darkness spread over the valley, and without warning a great deluge of water overwhelmed the city, demolishing the houses and destroying eight thousand of the inhabitants. It was considered a judgment of heaven because of certain impious remarks that had been made. The natural explanation is that the crater of the volcano, then called Hunapu, had become filled with water, the earthquake rent the crater, and the water rushing down in torrents acquired terrific force in its descent of several thousand feet. After the first destruction in this unusual and terrible way, in 1541, the city had been rebuilt in grander style than before and the inhabitants rested in fancied security within the

shadow of the lofty volcanic peaks which abound here, and which fill the visitor with a strange awe. These volcanoes had been baptized and received into the church and were supposed to be on their good behaviour. The baptism of the volcanoes did not seem to have a permanent effect upon their disposition, for another eruption accompanied by a severe earthquake destroyed the second capital in 1773.

The city of ruins as it exists to-day is a most interesting place to visit, and several thousand people still make it their home. Nearly every ruin houses a family who manage in some way to secure shelter within the broken walls and make a living by carving cane heads or making the doll images and effigies which are used in religious celebrations. The images are about five or six inches high, representing the nativity of Christ and are used at Christmas. It was built on much the same general plan as the present capital, with narrow streets laid out at right angles to each other. It was well provided with religious edifices, for there are the ruins of almost sixty churches that can be traced. They were all of solid masonry, many feet in thickness with vaulted roofs, and must



A STREET OF ANTIGUA WITH THE VOLCANO OF AGUA IN THE
BACKGROUND.

have cost immense sums of money in material and transportation, for much of the material was imported from Spain. Now these vaulted arches support masses of vegetation, and the bells which formerly called Spaniard and Indian to service are silent. The grand old cathedral still stands a sad reminder of its former magnificence. Within its shattered walls the service of the church used to be performed in all its solemnity, and the burning incense filled every nook of the vast edifice with its fragrance. Indians with baskets of fowls on their back, and Spaniards whose very shoulders drooped with the burden of elongated names and lofty titles, knelt by a common genuflection before these magnificent altars.

A number of the old buildings yet bear the arms of Castile and Leon — two castles and two lions rampant. Some of the images of the saints still stand in their niches on the façades of the churches, which causes them to be looked upon with special veneration by the ignorant natives, because only a direct interposition of Providence could have kept them unharmed during the frightful undulations of the earthquake. The once imposing square is now dotted here and there with the huts and booths

of the market people, and the present town is a sad reminder of a once proud and powerful city. After seeing the ruins you know that the rickety old coach with its tires half off, which brought you there, and the harness held on the horses (or mules) by thongs, is just in harmony with the place itself.

The present capital has been comparatively free from these volcanic disturbances, although several volcanic peaks are plainly visible in this translucent atmosphere, which equals or surpasses that of Colorado for clearness. It is situated in a long, narrow valley with a slight slope to the east. The hills surrounding the valley are indescribably soft and beautiful with deep shadowed ravines which contrast with the green vegetation in the rainy season. The grandeur of the scene is centred in three towering volcanoes that rise sharp and distinct against the blue sky — the symmetrical outline of Agua, the serrated ridge of Fuego and the isolated cone of Pacaya.

From the church of El Carmen, situated on an eminence in the northeastern part of the city, a fine view is obtained of the city and valley. This church is made picturesque by the



THE OLD CHURCH OF EL CARMEN, GUATEMALA CITY.

outcroppings of quartz and the oriental appearance of the building. It is more like a small fortress, with its little round tower, and the gray stone moss-grown wall surrounding the hill, than a religious edifice. It is older than the city, and in the bell tower is a bell dated 1748, more than a quarter of a century before the founding of the capital at this location. The interior is dark and gloomy and its walls are hung with examples of crude art. Behind the church the plain stretches away to the purple hills. In front and nestling at the foot of the hill is the capital. The city is compactly built, about two miles square, with peaked and flat roofs covered with brown tiles, and walls variously coloured, but rather dirty. The only contrast to the rather dull colour is the vivid green foliage in the open courts of the houses. Because the houses are nearly all one-storied, the twenty or more churches appear unusually lofty and imposing. In particular, the grand old Cathedral in the centre of the city overtowers every other structure in its majesty. In another direction, on the opposite side of the city, the walls and towers of the Castillo de San Jose stand out against the back-

ground of hills and give a semblance of military strength to the otherwise peaceful appearance of the valley.

Guatemala City is nearly five thousand feet above the level of the rolling seas and enjoys a wholesome and salubrious climate. Of this too much cannot be said, for it is truly delightful. With an average temperature of seventy-two degrees it has no extremes of heat and cold, and the thermometer seldom varies more than twenty to twenty-five degrees during the entire year. In the so-called winter season the mercury rarely goes below sixty-five degrees and the summer heat does not usually exceed eighty-five degrees. Foreigners who live there and travellers who visit there fall in love with the climate, and, when once acclimated, do not want to leave. Seventy-five thousand or more people, Spaniards, Indians and Ladinos, with a sprinkling of Germans and Americans, are trying to solve the problem of life and existence under such favourable skies; and it is no wonder that the strenuous life of our American cities has few disciples in this favoured valley. Life runs along a smooth, easy pathway, with nothing to rush you, and it is equally as impossible to hurry any one else. A newly arrived American



THE CATHEDRAL, GUATEMALA CITY.

may start out with an impulsive eagerness to do something, but, after a few futile attempts to hasten results, will soon yield to the inevitable trend of delay in this land of "to-morrow" and "wait-a-while."

The city is distant from the Pacific Ocean, nearly seventy-five miles and from the Gulf of Mexico twice that distance. There were probably two reasons which influenced the Spaniards to locate their capitals inland; one of these was for safety and the other because, in these tropical lands, the climate along the coast is hot, rainy, and fever-stricken. It was certainly not for the convenience of commerce, for all imports and exports had to be transported over narrow and rough trails on the backs of men and mules, for a long period, before a roadway was completed to the Pacific port of San Jose. Governors and Archbishops, common Spaniards and humble natives, were obliged to ride over those trails on the backs of horses or mules, and generally that of the latter obliging, but contrary, "critters."

The city is a typical Spanish-American town in architecture, although recent improvements have taken away the monastic appearance that used to prevail. The streets are straight and

narrow and laid out at right angles to each other. The ones running north and south are called *avenidas* (avenues), and those east and west, *calles* (streets). The sidewalks are paved with smooth flagstones and are almost on a level with the roughly-paved roadway which slopes toward the centre for drainage. The streets are bordered on both sides by low, one-storied buildings whose tile roofs once red are now a dirty brown, and whose plastered walls once white are now soiled and blotched by the pieces of plaster which have been broken out. The walls are usually of adobe (sun-dried) brick, or stone, covered with stucco, and are several feet thick in order to defy any but the most severe earthquake shocks. The windows are broad and high, and are protected by iron bars like the windows of a prison cell. If the house is so fortunate as to have a second story, then a neat little iron or wooden balcony is erected in front of them. There is one entrance to the house and that is guarded by great, heavy doors studded with big nails, and fastened with a massive lock fit only for a mediaeval castle. The keys to these locks are frequently eight or ten inches long and would fit no keyring that is on the market today. Carriages, market



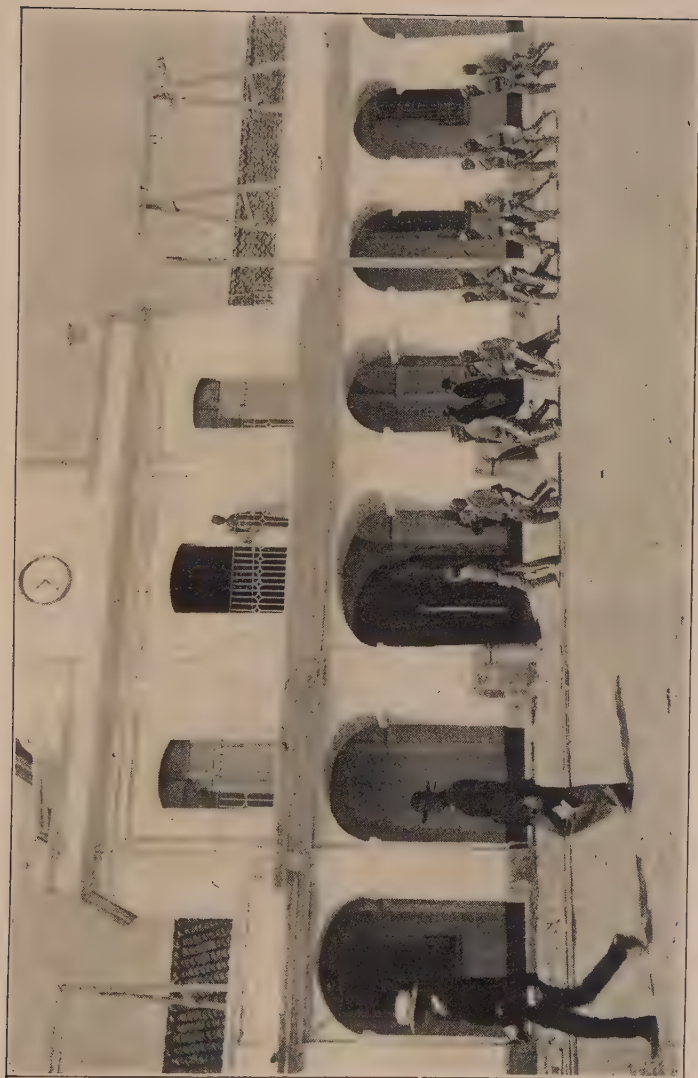
A TYPICAL STREET IN GUATEMALA CITY.

people, and high-born ladies, all use this common entrance which leads into the *patio* around which the house is invariably built. These *patios* take the place of the lawn in northern homes and are frequently beautiful little miniature gardens filled with tropical plants and fragrant with the blossoms of many flowers. The living rooms all open out upon this court, and here, sheltered from the wind, the people can bask in the sun when it is cool and occupy the shady side when it is hot, and thus keep themselves fairly comfortable without the aid of fires or electric fans.

The Plaza de Armas, which is in the center of the city, is quite a pretty square and is surrounded on three sides by public buildings, while on the other side are retail stores with the *portales* so common in these countries. On the north side is the municipal building, on the west side the National Palace and government barracks, and on the east side lies the Cathedral and Bishop's Palace. In the centre is a delightful little garden surrounded by an iron fence, within which are many exquisite flowers and pretty plants with wine coloured leaves. A few evergreens, fountains, a statue of Cristobal Colon, the ever present band-stand, and

an old square stone tower, or temple, with an equestrian statue of Charles IV of Spain complete the adornments of this square. Across one side rattle the little toy street-cars, and now and then a hooded victoria slips through, the top drawn like a vizor over the inside, so that all you can see is the tip of a chin or a bit of white parasol. It is not pleasant for the ladies to appear on the street unless they are very plain.

In front of the National Palace a company of the President's Guard of Honour parades each morning. This organization comprises about five hundred picked men from the army who actually wear shoes and a jaunty cap, and their uniforms look as bright as a working-man's new suit of blue jeans, and they are of the same material. A good military band plays, and, aided by the music, the company manages to keep step occasionally, but only occasionally, for that little matter does not seem to them very important. Sedate Spaniards, descendants of the proud hidalgos, and Indians whose progenitors built the great palaces, or temples, at Palenque, Copan and Quirigua, mingle here, and types of several centuries may be seen



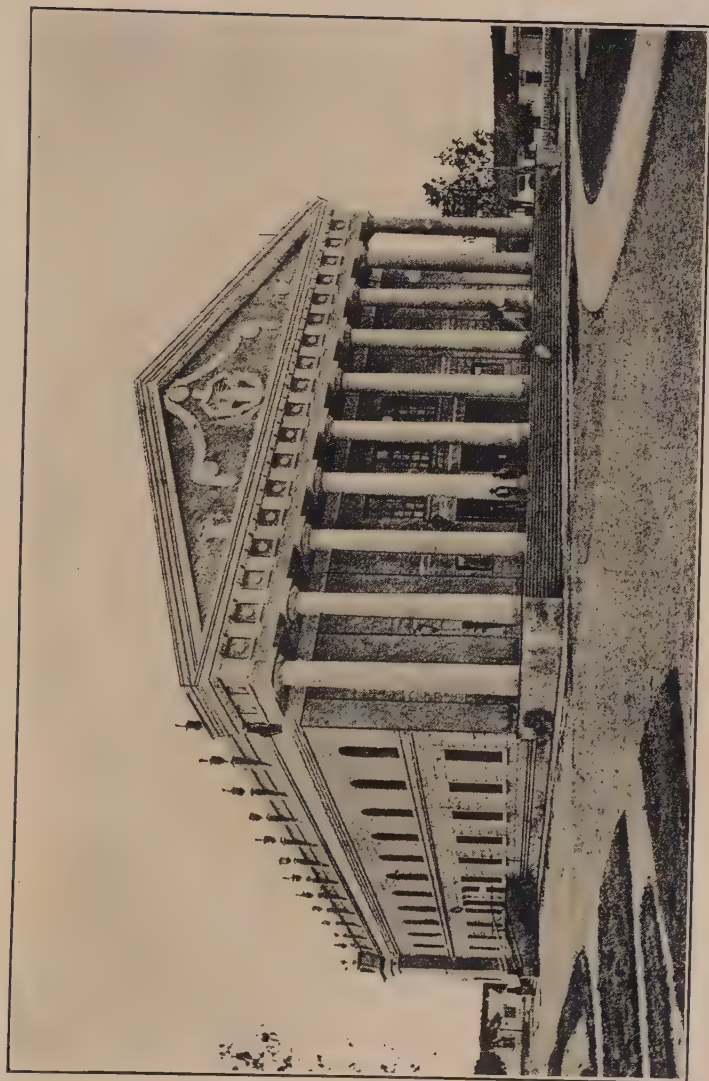
THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD OF HONOUR.

side by side. Customs of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries are here intermingled, but the twentieth century can hardly be said to have reached this city. The Indian with his pack on his back passes by followed by a mule dray, but the gasoline devil-wagon has not yet made its appearance in this city, and the warning horn of the street-cars takes the place of the honk-honk of the automobile.

At night when the band concerts are given the plaza is a good place to study the people, for all classes turn out in great numbers and parade around the central portion. The cock-of-the-walk on such occasions is the student of the military academy who struts around much-bedecked in a red uniform covered with gold braid, and with his sword invariably trailing on the ground — much resembling the peacock on dress parade with his tail feathers fluttering in the breeze. The young dandies are there with their bamboo sticks, tailor-made clothes and smoking their abominable cigarettes. A few foreign drummers or *concessionaires* stalk around the plaza side by side with the substratum of *ladinos* in their shabby attire. A few families may stroll around with their little girls

in stiff little white gloves and their shy, velvety eyes turning this way and that without a sign of recognition.

The most imposing of all the churches of the city, the Cathedral, and the same may be said of all Spanish churches, is elaborately ornamented with carving, giving it a *rococo*, or overdone, effect, but the proportions are good. It is flanked by two square towers. The entrance is approached by many steps and is guarded by four colossal saints supposed to represent the four evangelists. They are not very saintly in appearance, being carved out of a very rough coarse stone and very much weather-beaten. There are also several pillars with urns on top, thus adding a Roman effect. The interior gives a general impression of roominess with its fine aisles, but the blue and white effect of the ceiling is not very pleasing, although different from anything I had ever seen in church decoration. The floor is paved with stone. There is a large main altar and a number of gilt side altars with the usual collection of decorated wooden saints. A number of images clad in gauze and gaily-hued angels with tiaras are placed within the various altars, while the Virgin wears a fine velvet gown embroidered with



TEATRO COLON, GUATEMALA CITY.

gold thread. The structure is about two hundred and seventy-five feet long. Adjoining this is the Episcopal Palace, which has on many occasions been the centre of political intrigue and sedition before the late President Rufino Barrios curbed the power of the clergy.

All Guatemala is proud of its Teatro Colon, the National Theatre, for the government in these Spanish-American countries considers it a part of its duties to furnish amusement for its subjects. The building is modeled after the famous church of the Madeleine in Paris. It stands in the middle of a large enclosure surrounded by a high iron fence. The grounds are laid out as a garden with oleander and orange trees and flowers of many kinds planted in generous profusion along the walks, and there are several fountains which send out their cooling spray. The coat of arms of the republic stand out prominently on the façade and there are numerous other plaster ornaments in relief against the stucco walls, which are laid out in blocks to imitate stone. The interior is in good taste and the stage is large and roomy. The government allows a generous yearly subsidy which enables good talent to be brought from Italy, Spain and Mexico.

There are two tiers of boxes which run clear around the hall and several proscenium boxes, of which one is reserved for the President. Silk hats are worn by the men and canes are carried, while the women wear a few feathers in their hair, but no hats, and much powder and paste on their faces. During the long intermission nearly everybody leaves his seat and wanders out into the vestibule to visit and smoke — even some of the ladies indulging occasionally in this pastime.

The people are inordinately fond of amusements as are all people of Latin blood. In this enumeration the bull-fight should not be omitted. In the large bull-ring which stands just outside the central railway station all classes meet on Sunday afternoon, and the “*carramba*” of the Spaniard mingles with the stronger expressions of his fairer-skinned Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic neighbour. The Spaniard believes that the bull-fight is an exemplification of the superior prowess of his race, for the Spaniard is as much superior to all other men as the Spanish bull is more valiant than all other bulls. The bull-fight in Guatemala City is usually a poor imitation of the sanguinary conflicts of the Iberian peninsula.



A BULL-FIGHT IN GUATEMALA CITY.

The victims are generally oxen, with perhaps one or two bulls doomed to the death. The town was all excitement during my visit, for Mazzantini, the great Spanish matador, was coming to give three "corridas" with imported bulls. The boat that I came on carried ten of these bulls in boxes, and the old custodian with his bulls caused more trouble than all the rest of the cargo, including the passengers, put together. Excursions were advertised by the railroad and it was the principal topic of conversation. Everyone that I met, American and native, urged me to stay for the first great event to take place the following Sunday. I had seen the bull-fight, however, in all its horrible details in its native land, and it did not appeal to me even with the great "Mazzantini" taking part.

I attended one bull-fight while there in order to get some photographs, and was thoroughly disgusted. Two bulls of the six advertised for the occasion were doomed to the death and there were two *matadores*. One of them was a young Spaniard whom I had met on the steamer. He wore the lock of long hair on the side of his head which is affected by all bull fighters, and claimed to be a good fighter. He

was agile and leaped over the bull with a vaulting pole and planted the *banderillos* quite adeptly. As a *matador* he was a failure, and after he had made three ineffectual attempts to kill the bull, and had buried three swords in the poor creature's neck, the crowd became hostile and he was obliged to leave the arena, followed by the anathemas and hisses of the large audience. Then my bull-fighting acquaintance, who had given me such a cordial invitation in the morning to attend the performance, retired in great discomfiture, and I have never seen him since.

There is a prosperous American club in the city to which many other foreigners belong, and I was fortunate enough to be given a visitor's card. The social life of the expatriated American centres around this organization and it has considerable influence in the city and country. It was very interesting to talk with the older members of the stirring events in the time of President J. Rufino Barrios and his dramatic method of proclaiming the confederation of all the Central American republics. There are several hundred Americans in the country engaged in various enterprises, from promotion to construction, and from planta-

tions to manufacturing. The Germans occupy the leading place in the commerce as they seem to amalgamate more readily with the country, for they come to make permanent homes, while most of the Americans expect to make their fortune and then leave for Uncle Sam's domains once more. A number of Chinese merchants are also engaged in business here and a few French. Jews are also numerous and a Jewish synagogue is the only non-Catholic religious edifice I saw, although there is a Presbyterian Mission maintained in the city.

Nearly every business house runs a money exchange department and the sign "*Cambia de Moneda*" (money exchange) vies in number with the "cantinas." Even the bootblack in the hotel wanted to exchange money and followed the quotations each day as carefully as any banker. During my stay it varied from twelve and one-half to thirteen and one-fourth paper dollars for one in gold with the American eagle on it. Every merchant was anxious to secure New York, London, or Hamburg exchange. Prices of commodities varied from day to day, for, although posted in paper values, they were regulated on a gold basis. Business begins about eight in the morning and

ceases about seven in the evening, but all business houses put up their shutters and close up tight for two or three hours in the middle of the day during the siesta hours. You will never know, however, unless you study the calendar, whether the stores will be open or not, for holidays and feast-days are many. There is an old saying that Spanish holidays numbered three hundred and sixty-five, not including Sundays.

The principal market is a large structure in the rear of the Cathedral, and has large gates at each corner through which a line of people are passing at all times during the business hours. The entrance is nearly always obstructed by women with fruit for sale, whose presence was tolerable from the fact that they sold it extremely cheap. Every available space is filled with native merchants — mostly women — who offer for sale home and foreign goods and a great variety of indigenous fruits. Vendors outside of the enclosure suspend straw mats on poles for shelter from the torrid sun. Beneath each one sat a woman or girl with her articles for sale spread about and before her — a little fruit, some vegetables, or even some cooked meat. Inside the building one can get

a three course meal of native concoctions for a few cents, or can buy the luscious fruits of the country, including oranges, bananas, zapotes, or pineapples, for a song almost. Although the place is generally crowded there is no jostling or confusion. It would be hard to find a quarrelsome or disorderly person or any one who would raise his voice above the tone of polite conversation, and even the babies — of whom there are always many — refrain from crying. The dealers are all bargainers and will invariably ask at least twice as much as they would readily accept. A look of surprise or astonishment at a price given will invariably bring the query, "What will you give?" There is no such thing as a fixed price, and yet the lowest price that will be accepted does not vary much among the different merchants, as I found on several occasions.

There is a second native market in the western part of the city. Near this market is a road which is the great highway for the market people coming from lowland and highland. It was a sight that never grew tame or monotonous to me to watch the never-ending procession of men, women, children, burros, and mules continually coming to the city, and, on

several mornings, I went out to watch it. Men and women come marching down the middle of the road in Indian file — the men with great loads on their backs, and the women with large market baskets on their heads, filled with fruits, vegetables, pottery, eggs or poultry. Oftentimes they travel for three or four days to market with nothing but the cold stones or mother earth at night for a bed. The whole load, when marketed, may not bring more than a couple of dollars in gold, but they would consider that pretty good pay for a week's work. In this way the fruits of the hot lands are brought to the city by those simple folks in just the same manner as their ancestors have done ever since the founding of the city. Sometimes an Indian bearing fodder or other provender is scarcely visible underneath his load. It is rather comical to see an enormous box about the size of a small house trotting down the street on what seems to be its own pair of brown legs. Little boys and little girls, as soon as large enough, assume their share of the burdens and carry their little bundles in the same way as their elders. One writer describes a market woman whom he saw as follows: "She carried an open-work basket of fowls and ducks on her



GUATEMALAN MARKET WOMEN.

back on which was also slung a baby; in her arms she carried a fine young pig, and on her head was a tray of *tortillas*. As she jogged along the baby cried, the porker squealed and the poultry made noise enough to drown her own groans."

Numerous public buildings are scattered over the city. Perhaps the most noted is the University of Guatemala, which has a great reputation all over Central America. As a matter of fact Guatemala City was noted for its learning before any educational institution had been established in the United States; and dust had accumulated on its library before the first little red school house had made its appearance. This university has many professors, contains a large and valuable collection of books, pamphlets and manuscripts, and its museum has a numerous and exhaustive collection of woods, birds, pottery, gods, and ornaments of the former races, and stuffed specimens of birds, including a number of the rare quetzal. There are also Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy, Arts and Trades, a Polytechnic Institute, hospitals, court house, and many other institutions of government and justice. The post office is situated in an old convent confiscated from the

church, and the same is true of a number of the other government buildings now in use.

There are no great parks, but a number of little breathing-places are scattered over the city that lend their attraction. The Plaza Concordia is the prettiest of all and occupies an entire square surrounded by a massive brick fence. Palms, bananas, cacti, flowers, shrubs and large trees each lend an individual attraction. Broad paths wind here and there through the park, and on these the people promenade while the military bands, of which there are several, play popular and classical airs. Especially is this an interesting place to visit on Sunday afternoons when the aristocracy congregate to listen to the bands.

The most ambitious attempt at ornamentation is found in the Reforma, a wide boulevard in imitation of the Paseo de la Reforma in the City of Mexico. It is ornamented with trees, numerous stone seats and statues, and a number of fine modern homes face it, thus making it the most modern vista in the city. The principal statue is a rather creditable one of President J. Rufino Barrios, who deserves such a memorial more than any other of her former



STATUE OF BULL, GUATEMALA CITY.

rulers. There is also a statue of a bull which seems rather incongruous but probably deserves a place in this land of bull-fights. The Reforma leads out to the hippodrome, or race track, and the Temple of Minerva, which is dedicated to popular education and where a public celebration is held each year to stimulate interest in that valuable accomplishment.

Guardia Viejo, a suburb distant a few miles, is a favourite resort of the populace on *fiesta* occasions. Thousands of people at such times throng the park and the streets in the village and the typical holiday spirit of good nature and freedom prevails. I had the good fortune to be present during one of these celebrations and it was an interesting experience.

Water is brought to the city by two aqueducts running across the valley for many miles, and the supply is abundant and the quality good. There are a score of public fountains with public laundry facilities connected. Circular brick buildings are erected over small sinks which anyone is permitted to use. First come, first served, is the motto which is observed, and they are generally in demand. The clothes are laid out on the grass to dry. Ac-

according to custom here, it takes a week to get a washing after giving it out, and even a Chinaman will not do much better than that.

There is a good hotel in the city in which it was a real pleasure to rest after experiencing some of the crudeness in accommodation elsewhere. It is built around a court yard which is ornamented with orange and oleander trees, ferns, vines and many flowers. Enclosed glass corridors make a pleasant promenade and dining place. At the Gran Hotel I encountered a number of members of that strange legion who are always in active service and on the firing line—those men who go through the jungle ahead of the railroad and over the mountains before the engineers. To sell a bit of cotton cloth or a phonograph they are ready to speak as many languages as a German diplomat. They cross deserts and run the risk of pestilence, and have more adventures than an amateur explorer would write volumes about. These men are the salesmen who introduce the manufactured goods of commercial countries into the uncivilized and uncommercial lands of the globe. Some of them deserve medals and even pensions, but they are lucky if they get their names in the papers when they pass away



GRAN HOTEL, GUATEMALA CITY.

in some far-off land. Many of them are very interesting characters and as full of interesting anecdotes of personal adventures as the tropical jungle is of vegetation.

The tram lines extend all over the city but the little " dinky " cars are almost a joke. The only compensation is the cheap fares which are just about one cent in real money, but a shilling in the paper substitute. The city is unusually well lighted with electric lights, and a creditable telephone service has been installed.

The military element was in evidence everywhere, as, at the time of my visit, there was an unusual number of soldiers in the city, and parades were of daily occurrence. The soldiers were not awe-inspiring nor did they seem to take their duties very seriously. The fort of San Juan is a rather imposing fortress built in regulation style with moat and drawbridge, and its adobe walls painted to resemble great stone blocks. I noticed that the guns all seemed to point toward the city itself. Prisoners working under guard were to be seen in many places with more soldiers on guard than prisoners working. At one place, I saw nine soldiers lounging about and guarding four prisoners who were at work. At another time there were

a half dozen soldiers forming a hollow square, in the centre of which was one poor prisoner who looked anything but a desperate criminal. In the country, I have seen them marched along across country with their arms tied with a rope which was held by a soldier who rode on a horse. The days of maudlin sympathy with law breakers has not yet reached Guatemala.

Guatemala City is a perfect place to play with life, cloistered away from the active world, and yet so near to its bustling stir. The real world and its manners are here, but there are none of its problems. All things are reduced to so small a scale that the individual need not worry. People who have money have inherited it or made it easy; those who have it not, never expect it. There is no hustling, ambitious middle class to stir up rivalry and discontent. The people drift along placidly and, content with what they have, covet not the riches or luxury of another. The visitor can enjoy life and live quietly, feeling that he can always go back to the real world whenever he wants to, and that a few days' journey will transport him back to the busy life of our great metropolis.



STREET CAR IN GUATEMALA CITY.

CHAPTER IV

THE TROPICS AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT

THE growth of vegetation in tropical lands is a revelation of what rich soil aided by a hot sun and an abundance of water can do. There are localities in the world where is found the rich soil, but either warmth or water is wanting and they are comparatively barren. In this region where the soil is frequently eight to fourteen feet in depth, where the fall of water is from eighty to one hundred and twenty inches annually, and where the sun furnishes perpetual summer heat, nature reveals herself in her grandest moods, and the stranger coming here for the first time cries out in astonishment at her prodigality.

The first feeling of one on entering a tropical forest is that of helplessness, confusion, awe, and all but terror. Without a compass or a blazed path a man would be almost lost in a few minutes if he should venture into such a tangled growth by himself. The exuberance of

vegetation is fairly astounding and the English language is utterly inadequate to express the variety and luxuriance of the vegetable world. It is equally as impossible to describe the colours for there are so many tints of green. The costliest amusements of our gayest cities can never equal the gratuitous diversions which nature provides for her favoured guests. Thus it is that one feels when traversing the tropical forests of Guatemala. Eastern Guatemala, that part bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, is an American Java, a botanical garden spot where climate and the black soil vie with that eastern isle. And no land can compare with it in the number and variety of its birds and flying insects, for it is a veritable natural museum of living birds and butterflies.

Every growth on these shores is straining upwards in perpendicular lines, and in fierce competition, towards the light above so necessary to its healthfulness. These upward shoots are of every possible thickness and almost every conceivable hue. The leaves are, for the most part, on the twigs. The number and variety of trees is almost infinite as compared with our northern woods. There are more varieties of palms alone, than all the arboreal

species of the New England woods. Among these are the cohune palms with great clusters of hard, oily nuts; another kind with fearful spines but edible nuts; and even climbing, vine-like palms that will reach a length of several hundred feet. Bamboos are present everywhere with their graceful stems, and tall reeds with blossoms in striking contrast with the dark green leaves of the trees.

Great mahogany trees rise straight and with uniform trunks in the forest like the great oaks in our own woods, only higher. Immense ceiba trees sometimes fifteen feet in diameter stand up like veritable monsters of the forests and occasionally throw out great buttresses, as it were, for additional strength. When these trees are cut a platform is built reaching above these buttresses and the cutters stand on this. Even the poor little villages are ennobled somewhat by the noble palms and ceiba trees which they contain. Decaying trees and branches are seldom seen, for the elements quickly destroy or the migratory ants devour them. If a dead trunk or log is found it is so covered with growths of parasites such as orchids, mosses, ferns and flowering plants, that the dead wood can scarcely be seen. One tree

drops its nuts, about the size of a hen's egg, into the water where they germinate and float about until they anchor themselves on a bank or shoal. The absence of sod is very noticeable, for the foliage is so dense that grass will not grow. Rosewood, ironwood, logwood, sapodilla, cedar, cacao and fig trees — all are found within these forests, and the mangrove on the coast lands, or the banks of streams.

There are no solitary tree trunks, such as we are accustomed to, in the lowlands. All are covered with vines and parasitic growths. Some of the trees have enough orchids and other plants growing upon them to stock a hot-house; others have so many vines stretching down from their branches to the ground that you would think some kind of a trap had been built. One vine may twine around another and another, until a great cable is formed several inches across and furbelowed all down the middle into regular knots. There is sometimes such a labyrinth of this wire rigging that it keeps an Indian with his *machete* busy, for he must cut vines right and left every few feet. It must have been in such a forest that the story of Jack and the Beanstalk originated, for these vines bring it vividly to mind. One



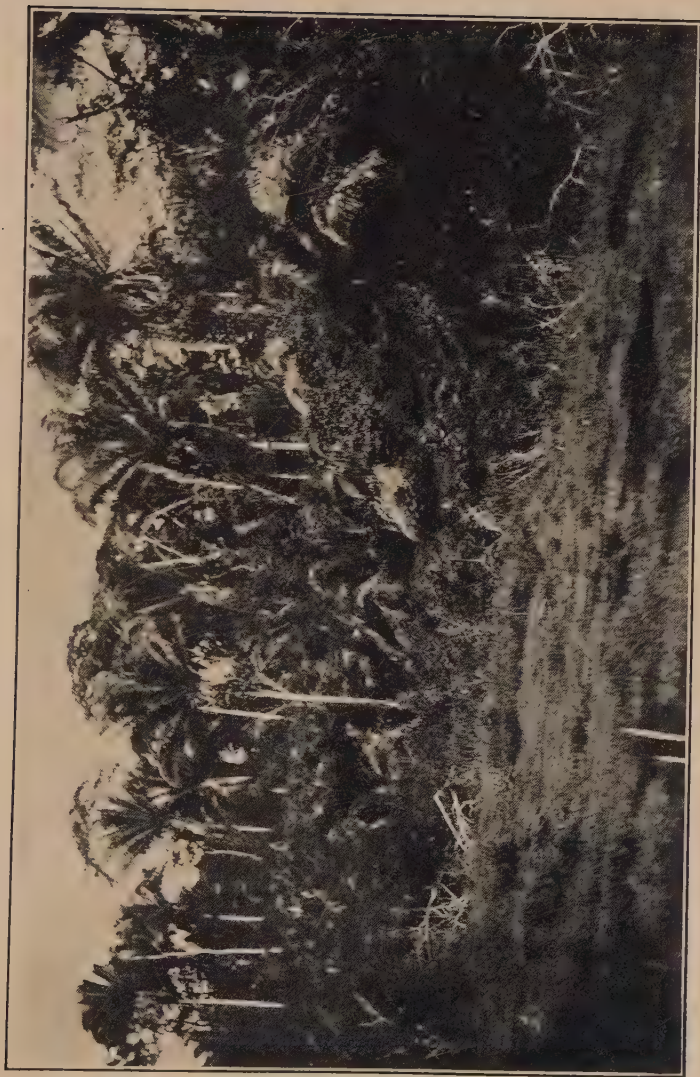
AN INDIAN WITH HIS MACHETE.

parasitic vine — the matapolo — starts as a slender vine, but gradually expands until it looks like a huge serpent; and if several cling to the tree they will kill it, but by that time they will support the dead trunk. The sarsaparilla, that health-giving plant, is one of these dependent vines, indigenous to these forests, and is a very common growth here. It belongs to the Smilax family and climbs to a great height. Only the long tough roots are used in medicinal preparations. These are cut off by the hunters and the stems planted in the ground, when the roots will be replaced in a short time by the alchemist, nature. The vanilla is a parasitic orchid and also flourishes in these damp, oozy forests.

When no vines are visible at the bottom, dangling vines may be seen sixty or eighty feet up in the green cloud above, growing out of what looks like a gigantic nest of parasitic growths, and frequently with arms as large as a fair-sized sapling. You can only tell what it is by felling the tree, and even then the trunk may refuse to fall, for it is so linked and intertwined with adjoining trees by the many vines. When thirsty the natives cut a rough looking vine, first above and then below, and from out

of this section pour out a pint or more of pure cold water. This is the ascending rain water hurrying aloft to be transformed into sap, leaf, flower and fruit.

In contrast to the silence of the northern woods there is no stillness in these jungles so long as the sun is above the horizon. The music may vary from the screeching of the innumerable flocks of parrots — for they never go singly — to the feeble chirp of an insect, but it is there. During the day there are birds that incessantly chatter, whistle, croak, chirrup, coo, warble and utter discordant noises, thus making the air vocal with the varied sounds. At night the pitiful howling of the spider monkey breaks the silence that otherwise might obtain. No country, so naturalists say, offers a greater variety of bright-hued birds. The great macaw is a polychromatic wonder rivaling the proud peacock flaunting his plumage in the sunlight. There are many varieties of parrots and parroquets to be found. The quetzal, which figures in the national emblem, has tail feathers often reaching three feet in length. These feathers are of a peacock green to indigo in colour, the breast is scarlet and the wings dark. This bird will not survive captivity, and



A TROPICAL JUNGLE.

for this reason the founders of the republic gave it a place on the nation's escutcheon. In ancient days, so highly was this bird regarded that none but the royal family dared to wear its plumes. There are some good specimens to be seen in the museum at the capital, but a live quetzal is rarely seen. Then there are pelicans, kingfishers, mot-mots, pavos, curassows, white cranes, doves, swallows, noisy yellow-tails and the curious toucan with its enormous bill and brilliant colour. Vampire bats about the size of an English sparrow are common. They will bite cattle, but are not so large, nor so fierce, as the South American species that will attack even human beings.

Two species of monkeys are found in these forests — the white-faced mono, whose face is nearly devoid of hair and beard, and the long-tailed, howling monkey. These animals are migratory and, as they build no nests, it is difficult to locate them. It is really wonderful — so hunters say — how fast these monkeys can travel through the trees by jumping from one limb to another sixty or eighty feet above ground. They live on fruits and insects, especially beetles and butterflies, and rob the nests of birds for the eggs. Many of them are kept

as pets and they are quite intelligent and very mischievous. Some of the natives prize them as food. Among the other animals, more or less common, are peccaries, jaguars (called by the natives *tigres*), tapirs, ant-bears, wild hogs, and a species of small, red deer. The sloth, that peculiar tree-animal so different from most tree-animals, which are usually very agile, is found in some districts. Snakes are not so plentiful as one would expect, although the "chicken boa," so called, sometimes reaching a length of a dozen feet, is occasionally encountered. Alligators are not very common, though not a rarity by any means. Turtles are very plentiful, and the edible hawksbill turtle, whose shell is so valuable, because it furnishes the tortoise-shell of commerce, is very abundant on these shores, sometimes weighing as much as one hundred and fifty pounds. The iguana is one of the numerous lizard family and is highly prized for food, its flesh tasting something like chicken, so epicures say. The natives prefer it to good beefsteak. This curious reptile has a mouth like a toad, green, glittering eyes, a ponderous under throat, and lancet shaped spines along the back, and sometimes reaches a length of four

feet. It is easily tamed, and it is a very common sight to see them in the coast villages sunning themselves around the cottages and apparently as much at home as the dogs and chickens.¹

Great butterflies, whose outstretched wings spread out eight inches, are a common sight. Collectors flock to these shores each year for butterfly specimens, for in no country is there a greater variety. The natives can seldom be hired to catch them as they think it is unlucky and will injure the eyes. Spiders with legs two inches across can be found. Scorpions and centipedes abound, but both are sluggish and are dreaded very little by the natives—not much more than hornets in our own country.

¹ “These serpentes are lyke unto crocodiles, saving in bigness; they call them guanas. Unto that day none of owre men durste aduenture to taste of them, by reason of theyre horrible deformitie and lothsomnes. Yet the Adelantado being entysed by the pleasantnes of the king’s sister, Anacaona, determined to taste the serpentes. But when he felte the flesh thereof to be so delycate to his tongue, he fel to amayne without al feare. The which thyng his companions perceiuing, were not behynde hym in greedyness; insomuch that they had now none other talke than of the sweetnesse of these serpentes, which they affirm to be of more pleasant taste than eyther our phesantes or partriches.”—*An old writer.*

Many kinds of ants have their habitat in the Guatemalan tropics. One species builds nests in the tree tops, which resemble those of hornets. Another kind, called the umbrella ant, is one of the most interesting species in the family of ants. They are so called because, when seen, the worker is always carrying a piece of leaf like a sail, which he holds tightly as if his life or happiness depended on getting that particular leaf to its destination. Several times I took away the piece of leaf and the worker would immediately attack another ant and endeavour to get his leaf, and sometimes a number of ants would become involved in the melee. The ant finally left without a leaf would start back on the trail, for it seemed to be an inviolable rule never to go back to the nest without a section of leaf. These leaves are stored away where they ferment and form one of the foods of these industrious little workers.

When Cortez made his memorable journey from Mexico to the present site of Puerto Cortez, in 1525, passing through Livingston, the coast country of the Kingdom of Quahatemala, as it was then called, was an almost unbroken forest, swampy, and oozy, and subject to heavy overflows in the rainy season. He sailed up

the Rio Dulce with eyes wide open in wonder as the beauties of the stream unfolded. Almost two-thirds of the available agricultural land in Guatemala is still uncultivated for want of labourers and the necessary industry. With the advancement of modern science in remedying the fever-producing conditions, these regions can be made most desirable. One noted scientist has recently predicted that tropical lands will in the future be the favourite abode of mankind, as they were in the early history of the human race, because of the ease with which a livelihood can be obtained. In a land of perpetual summer, where fruits grow wild and a small piece of land will produce enough sustenance for a family, there is no need for a man to work hard. Earning one's bread by the sweat of his brow becomes a jest. It is little wonder that the natives bask in the sun and dream their lives away.

Of all the rich soil so abundant in this republic, there is little systematic cultivation. There is no necessity to plow the land after it has been cleared of the timber and undergrowth. Even corn, of which three crops can be raised in a season, without the aid of fertilizers, is planted in holes made by a stick, and rice is

scattered broadcast. Corn will often grow twelve feet in height and produce three generous ears on the stalk. The land laws are liberal in order to encourage settlers from other lands to locate here. The public lands are divided into lots of not more than fifteen *caballerias*, which are sold for a price ranging from \$250 to \$300 each by the government. A *caballeria* comprises one hundred and thirteen and five-eighths acres. Premiums have been offered by the government for the cultivation of India rubber, cacao, sarsaparilla, cotton, and tobacco; and no tax will be levied for ten years on lands devoted to the cultivation of these products. The small farmer, however, cannot make a small farm pay as well as in northern lands, for he could not stand it to work so hard and so regularly. Plantations to be successful should be large enough to justify the establishment of a colony of peon labourers on the premises.

One plantation of three thousand acres, and employing from nine hundred to thirteen hundred labourers, produced in one year three hundred thousand pounds of sugar, twenty-two thousand gallons of milk, three million bottles of brandy, two thousand head of cattle and



A NATIVE HUT.

more than a million pounds of coffee. The labour laws require the owner of a plantation to preserve order on his estate; to keep a record of his employees, their wages, etc., in Spanish; to provide suitable dwellings or materials with which to build them (this, however, is simple enough); to furnish medicines and medical assistance in case of sickness; to keep a free school for the children where more than ten families are employed, if there is no public school in the neighbourhood; and to see that all persons are vaccinated.

Nature has done all that could be expected or could be hoped for on her part. The only thing necessary for success is the proper selection of ground and intelligent cultivation of the crops to which it is adapted. The diversity of altitudes and climates allows a great range of products. In no country in the world of equal size, in all probability, is there such a great variety of surface or such a diversity of natural products. There are more than four hundred species of wood of which one hundred and fifty are commercially valuable, and some three hundred and forty medicinal plants have already been discovered; and the end of discoveries in this line has not yet been reached.

Of the valuable woods, mahogany easily takes first place. These great and majestic trees are found in considerable number in the forests of northeastern Guatemala. Those situated near the larger streams have been cut down. Farther inland the difficulty of transportation makes the marketing of the logs an expensive undertaking, although the standing trees can be purchased from the government for a very small sum. The logwood tree, as well as other dyewoods, is found bordering on all the great lagoons and some portions of the Gulf coast. It is a tree of medium size and peculiar appearance, attaining a height of twenty or thirty feet. The trunk is gnarled and full of cavities, and separates a short distance above the ground. The heart, the only valuable portion, is a deep red. The logwood is found in the same localities as the mahogany, and they are districts that are generally flooded in the rainy season. The timbers are cut in the dry season and then floated down to the ports in the rainy season.

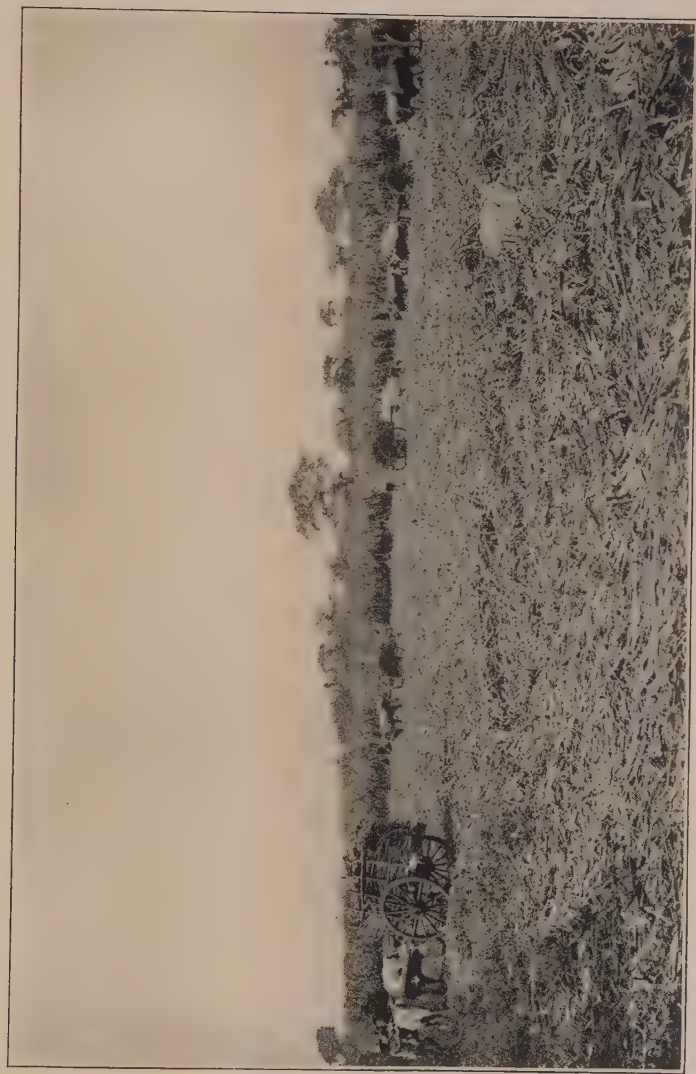
The palms are the most familiar of all tropical trees and a landscape hardly seems tropical without these graceful trees. It is doubtful if there is a single class of the tropical trees

so essential to the native as the palms. Houses, timber, firewood, fodder, food and drink, needles and threads, wax and drugs are all obtained from palms of various species. The Royal palm is the most graceful and majestic of all, and there is no more imposing scene of arboreal beauty than the long avenues of these beautiful trees so common in the American tropics. Their smooth, tapering trunks, almost as hard as granite, tower upward for eighty or even a hundred feet above the earth, bearing at the top a mass of green, drooping plumes. These great white trunks, standing boldly out upon verdure-clad slopes, so conspicuous among the tangled sea of vines and jungle at their feet, and their plumes swaying gently in the breezes, are a beautiful and imposing sight.

The commonest and most useful of the palms is the cocoanut, which is a conspicuous sight in every village and rural scene in tropical lands. As this palm most commonly grows in spots exposed to the full sweep of the winds, the trunk is gradually bent away from the winds. It is seldom, indeed, that one will find the cocoanut in an absolutely perpendicular position. The stem is so strong and tough, being composed of closely-interwoven fibres,

that the entire top may be torn off by the hurricanes and the trunk remain uninjured. The cocoanut commences to bear when from three to ten years old and will continue to produce fruit, year after year, for from seventy-five to one hundred years. The nut is used for both food and drink, and the shell is made into dippers, jars, spoons and other household utensils. The dried cocoa is a valuable article of commerce, but the real value of the oil prepared from the fresh meat is only beginning to be realized. It is useful not only in the manufacture of soaps, but a butter is prepared from it that is superior not only to cottonseed oil, but, so it is claimed, better than even animal butter for purposes of food. There is no reason why the tropics of Guatemala should not produce large quantities of the oil and cocoa meat for American and European trade.

India rubber grows wild in the forests and could be cultivated profitably, as it is now being done in Mexico and other countries. The government will give one *manzana* (113.62 acres) of land as a bonus for every two thousand rubber plants set out for cultivation. Sugar cane can be raised profitably, as the stalks grow high, with many joints, and have



A SUGAR PLANTATION.

a greater percentage of saccharine than in most countries where it is cultivated. Furthermore, it does not require replanting for years in this soil. The stalks will grow nine feet high in as many months. At present about the only use to which the cane is devoted here is in the manufacture of "white-eye," the native brandy. Some of it is made into sugar by means of old-fashioned sugar mills, which are simply vertical iron-roll mills turned by oxen. There is only one kettle used and no clarifier, and the syrup is run into wooden moulds, where it is cooled into dark hemispherical blocks — a form much liked by the Indians.

The Guatemalan cacao is claimed to be the very best in the world. It is not cultivated to any great extent at present, although the propagation is on the increase, as Ecuador practically controls the trade. The best conditions are an altitude of from eight hundred to two thousand feet and a soil rich in moisture, or capable of irrigation. Virgin lands from which forests have been cut are the best. It requires six years for the trees to mature, although they will occasionally bear in less time. The cultivation does not require nearly so much labour as coffee, although care must be taken not to

hurt the "bean" when it is removed from the pod. One day is given for "fermentation;" after which they are dried in the sun for several days. The cacao is then ready for the market to furnish our delicious chocolate preparations. The pods are from ten to twelve inches long and contain many beans; they resemble a musk melon in appearance, and grow from the branches and trunks of the trees.

Nutmegs have proved a success on the Island of Trinidad and would do just as well here. The trees require at least eighty inches of rain annually. They will produce nutmegs in eight to ten years and will then bear and improve for a century. Each tree will yield from one thousand to five thousand nuts in a season, in size varying from sixty-eight to one hundred and twenty in a pound. Tobacco grows well and of good quality at an elevation of from one thousand to two thousand feet. Common and sweet potatoes, yams, beans, breadfruit, squashes, melons, tomatoes, peppers, the *aguacate*, or alligator pear (weighing about a pound), the *granadilla* (fruit of the passion flower), and many other fruits and vegetables can easily be cultivated at a fair profit.

Japan, India, or Ceylon can furnish nothing

more fascinating or stranger in their vegetable kingdom than this favoured land. The fruits are simply wonderful in variety and perfection. The glowing sun and ardent breath of the tropics ask little aid from the hand of man in perfecting their products. One eats eggs, custard and butter off the trees.

The mango is nearly as abundant and prolific as the banana in some places. It grows on a very handsome tree, the leaves being long, lanceolate, polished, and hanging in dense masses of dark-green foliage. In size it is like a full-grown apple tree. The fruit is about the size of an egg plum, and when ripe is yellow in colour and very juicy. They grow in long, pendent branches, and the rich, juicy, golden-meated fruit is not only attractive to the eye, but delightful to the palate.

That great broad-leaved, useful plant so characteristic of the tropics, the banana, grows in great profusion in Guatemala, where there are fully two hundred varieties. Many of them are too delicate for transportation so they will never become a factor in commerce. All through the lowlands of Guatemala and even up to an elevation of two thousand and more feet, the banana is more common than the apple

tree in New England; and few indeed are the native shacks in those sections that do not have their banana grove near. The uses of the banana in its natural habitat are so many, and its growth is so exuberant, that it might be classed, with equal propriety, as a weed, a vegetable, or a fruit.

Along the line of the Guatemala Northern Railway and the borders of Lake Izabal, with its connecting streams, are thousands of acres just as well suited to the cultivation of this delicious fruit as the neighbouring republic of Honduras, or more distant Costa Rica. Much of the land belongs to the public domain and can be secured for a small sum, although the first cost probably represents not more than one-third of the investment that will be found necessary. The land must be cleared, although this is a simple matter, for the trees and underbrush are simply left where they fall, as decay is very rapid in this climate; and the banana shoots, called *hijos*, are planted in the midst of the rubbish from twelve to fifteen feet apart. After about nine months the stalk will bear and the bunch of bananas is cut while still green. The parent stalk is cut down and one or more shoots will spring up from the roots which will

bear fruit in the same time. Thus a marketable crop is produced each week, bringing in a steady and unceasing revenue.

The banana has a curious and prodigal method of propagation. Even before the fruit of the parent stalk has matured, new stalks begin to spring up from the roots. As this process is repeated indefinitely it follows that unless these surplus stalks are cut out, a banana field would soon become a miniature jungle. Some growers follow the plan of allowing four shoots to grow in one hill, and their gradations are so arranged that while the oldest is bearing fruit the second is in blossom, the third is half-grown, and the fourth is just coming forth from the ground. In the majority of cases a new shoot will spring up from the old stalk if cut near the ground and there is plenty of rain.

The rapidity of growth of this shoot is a marvel of tropical hustling. A prominent naturalist has made a record of the growth during the first few hours which seems almost incredible, but is true. Twenty minutes after the stalk was cut, the new shoot could be seen pushing up from the center of the cut. Eight hours after cutting, the shoot was nearly two feet

in height with the leaves forming. Thirty-one hours after cutting there were four well-developed and perfect leaves and the new shoot constituted quite a respectable looking tree. This great rapidity of growth is due to the spirally-wrapped leaves that are contained within the banana stalk, and which are merely pushed upward and unroll. It is a fact that under those circumstances the growth is so rapid that it is almost discernible to the eye. Stalks grown in this way, it is said, seldom bloom or bear fruit.

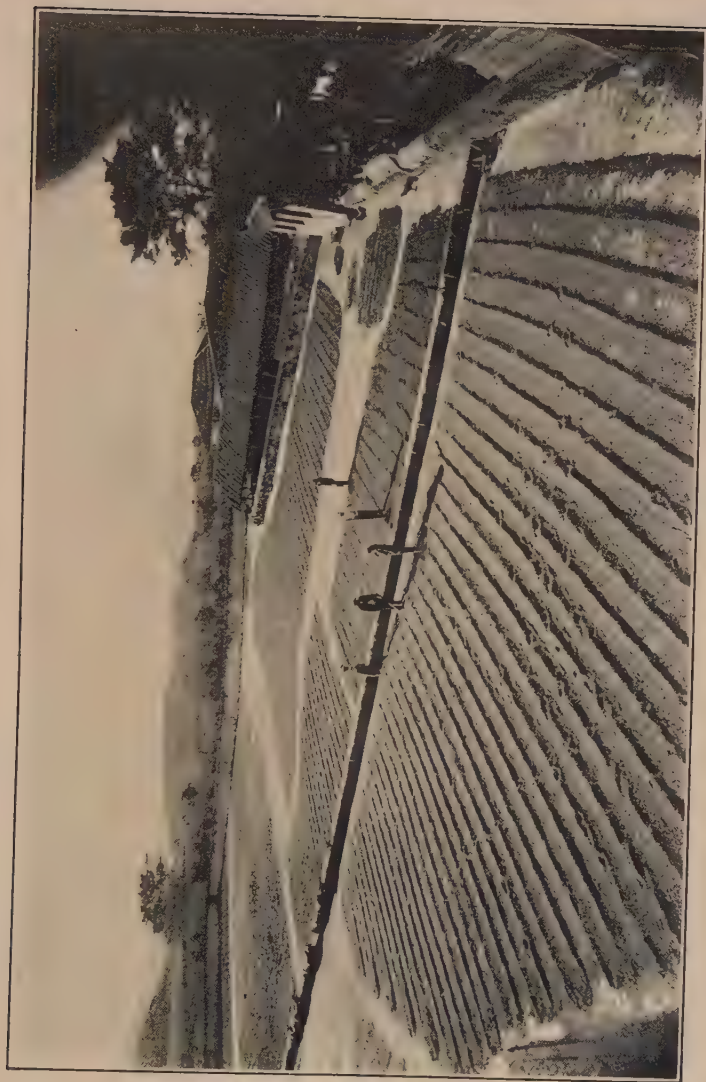
The requirements for successful cultivation of this fruit are a deep, alluvial soil, and plenty of water either by rain or irrigation. The nature of the soil, however, seems to have less to do with the successful growing of the banana than the amount of rainfall, which should be at least one hundred inches annually, and the temperature, which must be very warm. The best results are obtained near streams, and an occasional overflow is not a disadvantage. About two hundred or two hundred and twenty-five hills to the acre is the usual allowance. The average yield will then be from two hundred and fifty to three hundred bunches of marketable fruit each year. It is practically

immune from insect pests, and a worm-eaten banana, or banana stalk, is practically unknown. It is so vigorous that it will hold its own amid all sorts of weeds and climbing vines, although the successful cultivator will keep his fields free from such pests.

A careful writer has said that the same amount of land that will produce enough wheat to support two persons will raise enough bananas to sustain fifty persons. The food value of the banana and plantain, which is larger and perhaps more nutritious than the former, has never been fully exploited. They make an excellent meal which is very nutritious when dried and ground. At the present time most of the profit goes to the transportation company which holds a monopoly of the carrying trade. They are sold to the fruit company for less than half what they are worth in this country. A vessel will carry twenty thousand bunches in addition to a cargo of passengers, and the loss on the fruit does not exceed fifteen per cent. The fact that bananas can not be kept for any length of time, except in cold storage, requires their early marketing; and the further fact that they will not stand much handling requires their shipment in vessels es-

pecially constructed for their transportation. These vessels are all owned by one fruit-buying trust. It is no wonder that this monopoly has proved very profitable to its owners. Now that the new railroad is opened up and regular trains are running, this rich banana soil ought to be rapidly developed, since the market for this delicious fruit is constantly increasing and the supply has never yet exceeded the demand. Instead of a million bunches, Guatemala ought to export five or ten million bunches each year.

All over the world the fruits, as well as other articles of the tropics, are coming into greater demand each year. In 1908 the United States imported fruits and other food products of the tropics, not including coffee, to the value of more than two dollars for each man, woman and child in the country. Sugar was by far the largest item on the list, bananas second, and cacao a close rival for that distinction. More than 37,000,000 bunches of bananas were consumed in the United States during that year, an increase of fifty per cent in five years. The general use of the banana is of very recent growth, for it has come into use in Northern climates almost entirely within the last quarter of a century.

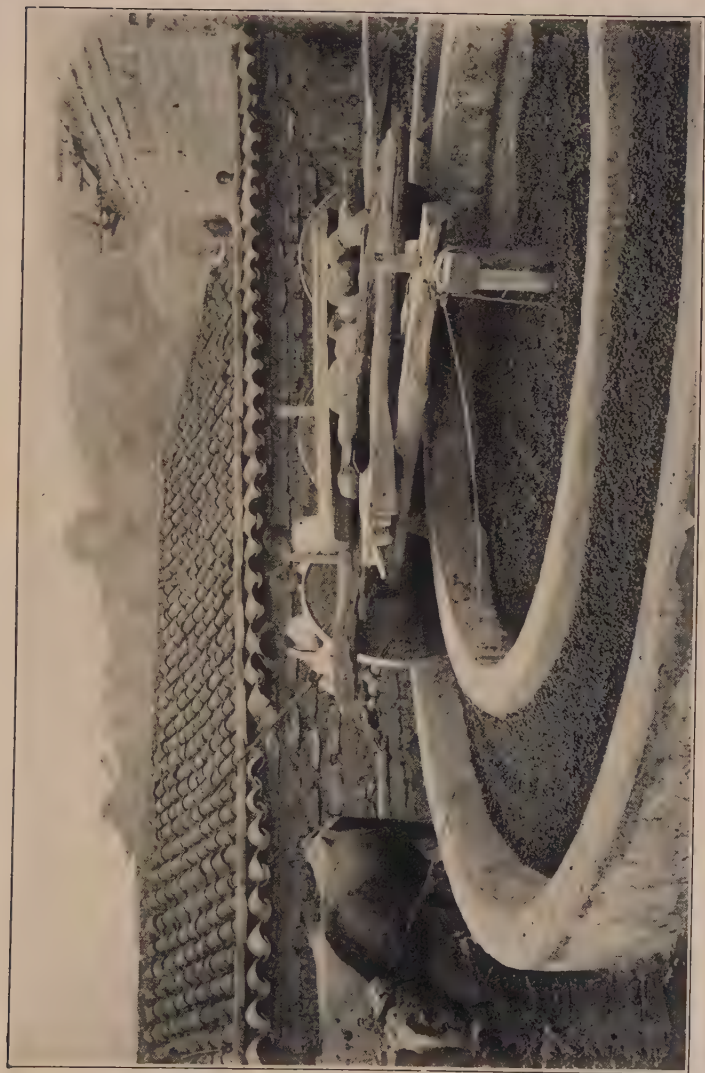


DRYING COFFEE.

The Pacific slope of Guatemala, although much less in extent, is far ahead of the Gulf side in cultivation and is far more thickly settled. The chief export from this district is coffee which is cultivated everywhere at an altitude of from one thousand to six thousand feet. The soil is about the same as that of Chiapas, the adjoining Mexican state, which also produces a fine quality of coffee. Thousands of bags of coffee are shipped from the ports of Ocos, Champerico and San Jose, in Guatemala, and San Benito, in Mexico, which is only a few miles from the border. Coffee is not a natural product of this soil, but was first introduced into the New World by a Spanish priest in Guatemala, who obtained the seed in Arabia. It was found adapted to the soil and climate, and coffee is to-day by far the most valuable export, the shipments having reached as high as eighty-five million pounds in one year, worth as much as all other exports together. Most of it is exported to Germany and England, as it is a common saying throughout Mexico and Central America, that only the poor grades of coffee are sent to the greatest coffee-drinking nation in the world—that of Uncle Sam—

and the national eagle ought to trail his feathers in the dust at this reflection on his good taste.

A coffee field is a beautiful sight with its shrubs of dark green dotted here and there with the white, fragrant blossoms and the bright, crimson berries which look almost like cherries. It must be remembered that coffee grows on trees, which are set nine or ten feet apart, for the trees will grow twenty feet high if permitted, and ladders are necessary for the pickers. The trees are raised in nurseries and when a few months old are transplanted. It requires a deep soil, careful cultivation, plenty of rain, and shade for the young plants to reach their highest development. The best altitude is from 2,600 feet to 4,500 feet in this climate. On the lower elevations the plants must be shaded, and the banana is generally employed because it also produces a valuable crop and furnishes a revenue while the coffee trees are maturing. Corn may be planted among the trees if one is in a hurry to obtain returns from the land. The trees will produce a profitable crop in from four to six years after transplanting, although coffee two years from the seed



A MILL FOR HULLING COFFEE.

is frequently seen. On the higher elevations the plants must be protected from the north winds of December to February, and a site is generally chosen with a range of hills to the north for shelter. The critical period is the blooming season, when a heavy rainfall, while the trees are in flower, washes away the pollen and will prevent fructification. The "cherry" ripens in October, and they are then gathered and "pulped," after which they are spread out on the great paved yards, with which every finca is supplied, to dry, after which they are separated and hulled, and then stored. After the pulp has been removed coffee is called in *pergamino*; then after the parchment-like covering has been removed, it is in *oro*.

If one feels a decided call to till the soil old Mother Earth will be about as generous to him in coffee culture as in anything. Whatever cultivation one undertakes, he must wait some years to see his money come back. Even if he engages in the raising of cattle, he must wait for the calves to grow, and no calf will grow faster than he pleases, unless you stuff him with expensive grain. With corn, wheat or barley, you must prepare the soil carefully each

season, and after the crop is cut and stacked, the land is there again, bare as before. With coffee, after the land is once planted, it does not need replanting for many years.

CHAPTER V

THE PEOPLE

THERE are but two classes of people in Guatemala, Creoles and Indians. The Creoles include all those who are European or in whom the European blood predominates. They are the business and professional men of the country and the land owners. Although numbering not to exceed one-tenth of the population, this class own all but a small fraction of the wealth of the country. They busy themselves with the business and politics of the country, while the Indians do the real work and even the fighting if there is anything of that kind on hand to be done. A substantial middle class which usually form the backbone of a nation's strength has not yet been developed.

The Creoles are an interesting race — kind, considerate and courteous. They enjoy leisure, always have time for a friendly conversation and welcome a holiday as a relief from the strain of business cares. If you should

chance upon an acquaintance on the street he is never in such a hurry that he would not stop, shake hands, and inquire politely after each member of your family, and would then politely listen in turn to inquiries after each member of his own household, which you would be in duty bound to make, as a courtesy to his own friendly interest. The punctuality of an engagement never bothers them, and the man who persists in keeping or insisting upon such a thing is rather a bore. This easy-going, care-free nature has not hastened the progress of the country.

The Creole woman has ever been a favourite theme of poets, and their black, bewitching eyes have won many a eulogy from both poetic and prose writers; and deservedly so, for woman is ever an excuse for a eulogy and toast in all countries and in all languages. The Spanish-American woman is always interesting, and perhaps, as often as in other bloods, is beautiful. They are home lovers, and the *casa*, or home, is jealously shielded from prying eyes by the husband or father, who is lord and master. The idea of political suffrage or woman's rights has never yet agitated their gentle bosoms. Their life is a reminder of Oriental ex-

clusiveness, and a young woman is seldom seen on the street unless her mother or some older woman is with her as a companion.

The windows and balconies furnish convenient seats for the young women of the house, who, forbidden by custom to walk the streets unaccompanied, plant themselves there and inconsiderately stare at all who pass, and especially the men. You can look in return, for it is only properly gallant and polite to stare at them as frankly as if they were pictures or flowers. To the foreigner it is quite embarrassing to pass this gauntlet of curious eyes. When the cool of the day comes Mamma, together with Juanita and Carmencita, may be seen in the window, all of them dressed up and made very beautiful, watching the street with their faces close to the bar. One who knows them well may stop and talk with them, being careful to pay all the attention to Mamma. It is just the same at the bull-fight or theatre, for opera glasses will be levelled with a steady gaze, such as an American would never experience in his own country. It is not the coquettish glance seeking a flirtation, for it is not accompanied by a smile, but is rather that of curiosity, or a natural and uncontrollable

interest in the genus represented — that is — man.

These same balconies and window-seats also play a large part in the courtship of the country. “Playing the bear” is the name given to it, and it is very much the same as Mexican love-making. A young man who is attracted by the black eye or coquettish glance of a *señorita* will follow her to her home and then “play the bear” by passing back and forth in front of the house for a long time each day until he is rewarded by a smile or wave of the hand from the object of his attentions. I learned recently of one young man who used a telephone by throwing one instrument up on the balcony and keeping the other. In this way the “bear” would talk with the young lady for hours each day. Finally the suit progresses until he can talk to her through the barred window. Perhaps in the most casual way imaginable she may let her fingers slip through the bars, for there is just a chance that Mamma may be asleep, for she sits with her eyes shut — it is just a chance of course, but the risk may be taken and Mamma was once young herself. Later he may be invited to call at the house by the father or mother after a family

council, if his antecedents are all right, for they have probably been investigated in the meantime by the sagacious parents of a marriageable young lady.

To the independent American woman such a life is simply incomprehensible. It would be dull, uninteresting — in fact, in many ways, aggravating. From childhood to old age the Spanish-American woman rarely does as she likes, but is a slave to antiquated customs. Think of a woman not doing as she wants! As a child a servant accompanies her to school and calls for her in the evening. When the marriageable age is reached, her courting must all be done in the presence of others; and there are so many romantic spots to be found where it could be done so much more pleasantly in this warm climate. After the engagement the vigilance of the parents is increased, and the young couple are never even for a moment left to themselves. If they should go to a dance, the family accompanying, of course, the girl must dance every dance with her escort. When married the pleasure of a wedding trip is not for her, unless the husband is wealthy. Last of all, if the marriage proves unhappy, the consolation of a divorce is even denied her!

After marriage the Señora settles down to a life of inactivity, and in a few years she has lost her girlhood beauty. To do any of the household work is beneath her, and the number of servants is limited only by the means of her husband. She enjoys life in a rocking-chair, reads a little, plays her music when the mood is upon her, and occasionally does needle-work. Families are large and, be it said to her credit, she is usually a good mother and devoted to her children. She knows nothing of the joys of "bargain days," for she usually contents herself by sending to the store and having the goods brought out to her carriage. The cook practically runs the household and is given a fixed allowance for the marketing, out of which there must be some margin for "graft," or the cook will leave and seek a more generous master. Seldom indeed is it that a woman dares to depart from these conventionalities, however great the desire, and the universal reason given is that "it is not the custom."

Boys may be sent away to liberal schools, but the girls are educated in convents and, if sent abroad, go to Spain, thus retaining the old Spanish customs. The girls are fairly pretty

in youth, but this soon fades. Their minds are not broadened by travel, and they grow up with narrow views of life but proud of their ancestry. They are very devoted to the outward ceremonials of the church and spend more time in learning the lives of the saints than they do in reading useful literature. A woman's popularity in Guatemala City is judged by the number of pictures of herself that are sold by the photographer; and he is at liberty to sell the photographs of his lady patrons to whomsoever may desire them. The more he sells the more his patron is pleased, for it flatters her vanity.

The brown-skinned descendants of the ancient Toltecs and children of a southern sun, whose warm rays have implanted a permanent tan on their cheeks, comprise the great majority of the population and are an interesting race. Dressed in their scanty garb, which is generally clean, they loll away life basking in the sun when it is cool, and hiding from the same when it is hot. They may breakfast on a glass of water and dine on a banana, yet among themselves they are always happy and laugh like grown-up children. Why should they work much? is their philosophy. Fruit is

abundant, game is plentiful, pigs and chickens need little care, and kind nature richly rewards every effort to cultivate her soil. In this climate wants are few. The latest fashions have no temptation; the woods and jungle furnish material for their thatch and reed cottages, and the morrow can take care of itself. They sleep, eat and smoke when the inclination comes upon them, and drink "white-eye" (native brandy) when they have money with which to buy it.

As an individual the peon is not a particularly lovable character except for his fidelity. He is much like a child in many ways and has to be frequently treated as one. He even fails to resent a chastisement by a knock-down blow from his employer, if his conscience tells him he deserves it. On the other hand a word of encouragement or a courteous "*buenas dias*" (good morning) brings a smile of genuine pleasure to his face which is unmistakable. The personal *mozo*, or body-servant of the master, is especially useful and amiable. On a journey he thinks little of himself, and never until every want and wish of the master has been met and gratified. Although to-day not obliged to defend his master against brigandish



INDIAN GIRL WITH WATER JAR.

attacks as formerly, yet he would be perfectly willing to lay down his life for him if necessary. Although times have changed, the *mozo* remains just the same faithful, trustworthy and careful servant as formerly. He is not over intelligent, perhaps, or over cleanly in appearance always, but he is as loyal and dependable a servant as can be found anywhere in the world.

Debt and improvidence is not confined to the poor peon. While the latter is indebted to the planter, the planter has probably mortgaged his growing crops to the merchant, and the merchant in turn demands long-time credit from the foreign dealer. Thus it is that the business is conducted on credit almost entirely and little actual money is handled.

Guatemala has been called the land of “*no hay*,” meaning “there is none,” because it is such a common answer and it illustrates one characteristic of this race. If the people do not want to bother, that will be their invariable answer. You might go up to a house where the yard was full of chickens, the woman engaged in making *tortillas*, and fruit trees loaded with fruit in the yard, and yet have a conversation about like the following:

“ Have you any meat? ”

“ *No hay* ” (pronounced eye).

“ Have you any eggs? ”

“ *No hay.* ”

“ Have you any fruit? ”

“ *No hay.* ”

“ Have you a house? ”

“ *No hay.* ”

“ Have you anything to eat? ”

“ *No hay.* ”

In such a case the best way to do is to enter the house and hunt around for yourself, and blandly order the woman to prepare whatever you chance to find. Then, if you leave a small sum of money with her on departing, she will not take any offence but will politely thank you. Time is the only thing with which they seem to be well supplied. It is equally hard to get anything done, for, unless the party is willing to do the work requested, he will find some plausible excuse. An American travelling across the country a few years ago found it necessary to have his horse shod at one of the small towns. There were three blacksmiths in the town; of these one was sick but had supplies, a second had no nails and the third no

charcoal. As there was no lending among the craft the horse could not be shod.

The great vices of the inhabitants are a general indolence and improvidence, and for that reason labour is hard to secure. This has led to the system of peonage by means of which the labourer is obliged to work for his employer so long as he is indebted to him. This condition is generally entered into voluntarily on the part of the Indian by borrowing a small sum of money from a plantation owner and the signing of a contract of employment. The following is a literal copy of one of these contracts which I obtained from the manager of a coffee plantation:

The *mozo* herewith employed binds himself:

1. To discharge with his work daily and personally the debt contracted on this *finca*.
2. To do every class of work after the customs established on the *finca*.
3. To absent himself from the *finca* on no pretext without previous permission in writing.
4. To pay all expenses made necessary in case of flight, and rendering himself subject to the proceedings brought against him through the proper authority.

5. To remain on the *finca* eleven months of each year.

6. To subject himself to all articles of the law of labourers decreed by the government.

7. The loan is given not to the man alone but to his entire family; and each and every one will be individually responsible for what they receive.

8. The *mozo* who becomes security for another *mozo* (be it man or woman) assumes the same responsibilities as the one who receives the loan.

This latter clause is inserted because in most instances one labourer goes security for another by guaranteeing that the latter will carry out his part, or he himself will assume it. If the *mozo* flees, an order of arrest will issue and an officer sent after him. For this purpose an *alcalde*, or justice, is usually kept on each plantation.

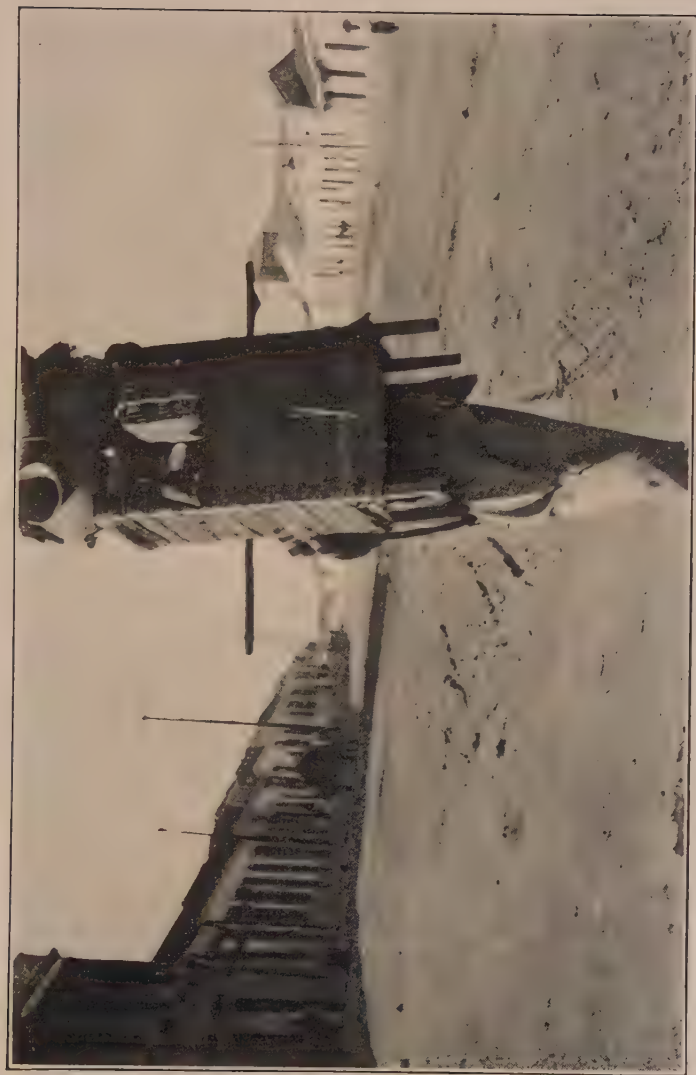
When the labourer once assumes this condition he is generally bound for life, as few of them ever succeed in paying back the loan, and the plantation owner never encourages him to do it for he would lose his labourer. On his part he is obliged to furnish medical attendance, advance wedding, baptismal and burial

fees, and, on the larger plantation, to furnish a spiritual guide and teacher for the youth. It is a sort of patriarchal relationship that exists between employer and employee. The native will not work more than about two hundred days in the year because of the numerous church and national holidays which he must celebrate; likewise, every birth, death, and baptism in the family gives another occasion for a holiday, and the saint's day of each member of his family as well as those of the master must be celebrated. Every person is named after a saint, and they are surprised to find an American who has not been named after any. "Who will protect and keep you from harm?" they will ask.

The Indians in the hot country are less inclined to work than those on the uplands, and one sees much of them. In fact you could not look in their direction without seeing a great deal of them, for they wear no superfluous clothing. The men frequently wear only a breech-cloth, the women a short skirt, and no more. In fact, in travelling from the coast to capital you pass through an entire evolution in the matter of clothing from practical nakedness to a complete suit of sandals, trousers and

shirt. The dictator Barrios issued a decree requiring all natives to wear sufficient clothes, or his market produce would be confiscated when he entered a town. Even to this day it is not an uncommon sight in some places to see the aborigine sitting by the roadside near Retalhuleu, or Mazatenango, and enveloping himself, or herself, in sufficient clothing to pass municipal inspection. In the colder altitudes where clothing is more necessary for physical comfort, each tribe has a distinct dress and the district from which the Indian comes can be told by a glance at his outfit. In the hot country, those who dress at all wear simply a white cotton shirt and trousers.

The Indians are obliged by law to do carrying work across the country when desired and paid for their services. If the traveller is unable to get a cargador, an appeal to the proper official will secure one within a reasonable time. That official will, if necessary, arrest a man and lock him up over night in the *cabildo*, in order to have him on hand when wanted. They can only be obliged to go about a two days' journey from home and carry a hundred pounds. Their wages are only a few cents per day in gold, so that their services do not come



A CARGADOR ON THE ROAD.

very high. In case of attempted overcharge the *Jefe* (local governor) will settle all disputes, and he is generally very fair in his conclusions. Many of the cargadors use a framework called a *carcaste* in which to carry their loads.

If one desires to engage a cargador it is necessary to give him enough time to prepare *tortillas* for the journey. With a basket of these, a plenteous supply of coffee, a cup, and a few twigs for fire, the Indian is ready for the journey. He will not need to buy anything on the road except some fruit or a little "white-eye," the native brandy. Their excuse for this extra would be like the old Guatemalan, who said: "One wants to get rid of his memory once in a while." At night they light their fires either in the public hall, or out-of-doors under the brilliant starlit canopy, where they make their coffee and warm their *tortillas*. Embers of these fires may be seen on every hand as one journeys across the country. The men are unobtrusive, and even when gathered together in considerable numbers they are quiet if any strangers are present. Among themselves, however, they are gay and light-hearted and seem to enjoy life.

These cargadors are an ancient and honourable institution in Central America. From time immemorial they have transported baggage and produce from one part of the country to another, and they rather look upon the encroachment of railroads with disfavour, for it will curtail their business. They will carry a mule's load of one hundred and fifty pounds at even a greater speed, averaging five or six miles an hour, for they travel at a sort of jog trot. Some of the couriers in olden times were very fleet of foot for they used to be kept busy in time of war before the introduction of the telegraph. President Rufino Barrios had a runner in his employ of whom it is said that he carried a dispatch thirty-five leagues into the interior and returned an answer in thirty-six hours, making the two hundred and ten miles over mountains at the rate of six miles an hour, including stops and delays for food and sleep. When equipped for the road these men wear a costume consisting of short trousers, like bathing-trunks, a white cotton shirt and sandals made of cowhide.

The Indians are very fond of music and show considerable natural talent. Many native bands, especially in the army, play popular



PLAYING THE MARIMBA.

and classical music in a very pleasing way. One unique instrument, called the Marimba, is met with only in Central America and southern Mexico. It has some very pleasing tones that it is truly delightful to listen to. The larger ones are made of a frame seven or eight feet long and two and one-half feet high upon which strips of hard wood are placed, and beneath which are fastened wooden resonators for different tones. Some of them have as many as six complete octaves of tones and semitones. The sounds are produced by striking with a rubber tipped stick the strips of wood, thus resembling the xylophone. Those that I saw generally had three players, each armed with two sticks in each hand with which they struck the wood strips. Their playing was sometimes really marvellous in the dexterity with which they played even difficult runs and maintained almost perfect harmony — it seemed beyond the ability of these uneducated Indians who played entirely by ear. The tone of the Marimba is sweet or, as one writer has described it, “like several pianos and harps combined, together with a bass effect not unlike a bass viol.” The repertoire of the players is generally limited so that it becomes monotonous after a while.

Nearly all the soldiers, except officers, are men of the Indian race. Guatemala has a compulsory military law which compels every man to serve in time of war and gives the government the right to impress them into the military service when, in their judgment, the occasion demands summary measures. One of the villages visited by me had just been the scene of one of these "impressing" occasions, and the impression made was still very vivid among the inhabitants left. The military officials had swooped down upon this village, literally like the thief in the night without any warning. If their purpose had become known they would have found an Adamless village and no man at home. As it was, they captured all the men in the village who were capable of bearing arms. Thereupon there was great weeping and wailing among their fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts. The men, however, were marched to a neighbouring village where they were allowed to fill up on "white-eye." Their courage rose as the liquor disappeared and they soon marched away to the music of the band, shouting, "Long Live the Republic!" "Long Live El President!" Hence, while the women bewailed their lot at home,

the men were eating government *tortillas* and drinking the Cabrera brand of patriotism, somewhere within the boundaries of the republic.

The samples of soldiers that one sees at the various *commandancias*, or barracks, were not very terror-inspiring although decidedly picturesque. Dressed in jumper and overalls of the familiar blue jeans, barefooted and wearing a battered old straw hat of any shape, or without shape, they looked like play-soldiers. They are like children in their artlessness, and in fact even an old Indian is a child in worldly wisdom. The man who wore a pair of shoes was pretty sure of promotion to sergeant. Many of the soldiers were mere boys not older than sixteen. The number of men under arms at that time was said to exceed twenty-five thousand, and the government claimed they could soon raise it to fifty thousand. This does not seem like a large force and yet it is as large in proportion to the population as an army of a million and a quarter would be in the United States, which contains at least fifty times as great a population.

The race generally known as Caribs, and who dwell along the shore of the Caribbean Sea,

predominate at Livingston and along this coast. They have an olive complexion, round heads, abundant black hair, which is usually straight but sometimes kinky. They are also short and erect, but muscular. It has only been in recent years that they wore any clothing at all, and they are not burdened with it yet. Every place where there is water is a bathing resort, and the only bathhouses are big mahogany logs, hewn square. Sharks and alligators sometimes make it exciting for them. The Caribs have negro blood in them which dates from the foundering of an African slave ship on these shores, several centuries ago. They claim to be good catholics but still retain much of their pagan rites and superstitions; they are exclusive and seldom intermarry with the native Indians of whom Guatemala has more pure bloods than any other of the Central American republics.

The women wear the most picturesque costumes in Central America and are more tastily dressed than any of the native women in Mexico, with the single exception of those in Tehuantepec. They have a dark complexion — almost as dark as a mulatto — and the young women are famous for the beauty of their fig-



A GROUP OF CARIBS.

ure, which is as perfect as nature can make it unaided by art. They walk erect with a graceful carriage and with an elastic footstep full of grace and freedom. Nearly all have raven black hair which hangs down the back in a double braid. They are kind hearted, frank and good natured. By far the largest share of the work falls upon the shoulders of the gentler sex; but they bear their burdens with becoming fortitude and are generally loyal to their lord and master, even when the native "white-eye" takes away what little sense he has. Drunkenness is quite common. It is surprising to an American to see a native stretched at full length even in a public street in a drunken stupor. No one pays any attention to him, unless by a little kick, until the stupor passes away and he is able to navigate for himself again.

The fondness for bright colours among the native women can be observed in their extremely simple but artistic costume. The entire outfit consists of three pieces and the style does not change with the seasons. The skirt consists of a piece of cotton cloth, generally a plaid, wrapped around the hips and held in place by a sash; the waist is a square piece of

figured material, sometimes richly embroidered, with a hole cut in the centre to pass the head through and the ends tucked down under the skirt. Their straight, black hair is usually braided down the back and they are both bare-headed, and barefooted, and, probably, rather empty-minded. The man may afford a pair of sandals made from a piece of sole leather and strapped on his feet, but the women seldom afford this luxury. A little washing would not injure their natural complexion. They seldom walk but go along with a peculiar swing, or jog-trot, over hill and down dale, with a heavy basket on their heads and baby swung over their shoulders. In this way they will make six miles an hour and will beat the average mule. Some of the more fortunate ones come leading or driving mules with loads almost as large as themselves, but the owners themselves walk. This gives them, however, a chance to ride on the return to their humble cottage home.

The women are not without their faults for they can smoke to their heart's content. There is no law against it and custom seems rather to approve of the vice. It is not only a common sight to see them smoking cigarettes but cigars

as well. One day I saw a mother with three children, two boys and a girl, and the oldest one not more than nine or ten years of age, each puffing away at a big fat cigar that was black enough to appal the average man smoker. There is a naturalness and simplicity in their manner that rather astonishes an American when he happens to stumble upon a group of them bathing without any regard for the simple clothing that would be considered necessary at Atlantic City, and they are not afraid of strangers either. Then one can see them nursing their babies and searching for specimens in the little youngster's hair at the same time. Yet this absence of prudishness or unnaturalness does not mean an absence of the virtues, although morality has not yet reached an ideal stage.

CHAPTER VI

RAILWAYS AND THEIR ROUTES

GUATEMALA has more miles of railway than all the other Central American republics together. And yet there are not more than half enough to properly develop the country. There are still a number of important cities and large agricultural districts which have no rail communication with either the coast or the rest of the republic. Nothing will contribute more to the prosperity and peace of the country than an extension of the existing lines into even the most remote sections.

The larger cities are all situated at some distance from the coast and several of them at an altitude of more than a mile in the mountains. Communication with the coast and rest of the country is over long, narrow and rough trails. The transportation of commerce is slow and expensive and requires thousands of cargadors, mules and the patient burros. Fur-

thermore, the very isolation of the people and difficulty of communication keeps them aloof from modern progress, and leaves them content with things as they are, and with no ambition for anything more advanced or better than was enjoyed by their forefathers. The Indians rather look with distrust upon the encroaching iron highways as they fear they will interfere with their employment. Their opposition, however, is a mild one and contents itself with looking on at the advancing track in an idle and listless way. They aid in the construction work when the mood is upon them, or they are compelled to by the authorities; at other times they refuse, and the question of steady and satisfactory labour is sometimes a hard one to solve by the railroad contractor.

The building of railroads has been encouraged by the present government both by liberal concessions and the granting of subsidies, and about two hundred miles have been constructed since Cabrera became President. Several other concessions have been granted but the government has not been in a position to meet the payments promised, so that the projects have been held in abeyance. It is absolutely necessary for the government to meet a fair

proportion of the construction expense, otherwise railroad building would not be a profitable undertaking because of the undeveloped condition of the country.

The greatest undertaking before the country at the present time is the Pan American Railway of which little has been heard in the United States until recently, and a great many think that it is merely an idle dream. These people may be surprised to learn that it will soon be an accomplished fact so far as the North American continent is concerned. A railroad by that name has just been completed from San Geronimo, on the Tehuantepec National Railroad, in Mexico, to the Guatemala frontier, a distance of about three hundred miles. More than this, the road is already in operation and regular through trains are running to Tapachula, only a few miles from the boundary of Guatemala. As soon as the Occidental Railway of Guatemala is extended about thirty miles from Retalhuleu to connect with the Mexican line at the border, there will be an all-rail line from Canada and the United States to Guatemala City. A concession has already been granted for this line and it will be built at once by the same people who have just completed the Mexi-

can portion of this scheme so successfully. The present line from Retalhuleu to Escuintla, about eighty miles, will become a part of the through connecting system that will be extended at least to Panama, if not beyond. This much is a certainty, and that it will be completed within a very few years is my prediction. Through trains will not be a possibility, however, unless the Guatemala and other Central American lines are broadened to standard gauge, for at present all the Central American lines in operation and in construction are built of narrow gauge width. The Mexican connecting lines are all of standard gauge construction.

A survey was made a few years ago from Oaxaca, Mexico, to the northernmost railroad connection in the Argentine Republic, and all of the Spanish-American republics are looking forward to the completion of this great scheme at some day in the future. Its construction to Panama would, I believe, be of great assistance in preserving peace and in engendering a better feeling between the states of Central America, as it would facilitate commerce among them and would give them one common interest. At present there is no railroad in any of the re-

publics that reaches the boundary of any other, so that communication is generally by sea and through the ports.

The Occidental Railway starts at the important port of Champerico and, with the Guatemala Central, forms a through line to the capital city. It has been in operation for several years and has aided very much in the development of this section of the country. The first city touched by it on the way to the capital is Retalhuleu, the capital of a department and one of the principal cities of the republic, which boasts a population of twelve thousand inhabitants. The buildings are nearly all one-storied, and the streets are narrow and ill-paved. The sidewalks are scarcely wide enough for two people to walk abreast. Door-steps and window-sills project beyond the houses to such an extent that walking abroad at night is rather dangerous. It has an elevation of nearly a thousand feet above sea level so that its temperature is much better than on the coast. It is now one of the principal shipping points of the coffee for which this region is famous, and quite a number of Germans are engaged in that business in the city. There are



From the Bulletin of the International Bureau of American Republics.

A SCENE ALONG THE OCCIDENTAL RAILWAY.

no manufacturing industries outside of the small plants needed for local wants.

The road passes through many coffee *fincas*, or plantations, after passing a small junction point, Mulua. From this place a branch line runs to San Felipe, within about twenty-five miles of Quezaltenango, which city for a long time was in control of the coffee market of the country and the second city in the republic. The earthquake of 1902 not only ruined that city but destroyed many a fine coffee plantation. It lies in a basin surrounded by hills nearly a mile and a half above sea level and is shadowed by the volcano Santa Maria. Before disaster overtook it, the city housed a population of twenty-five thousand people. It has always been noted as one of the strongest centres of the priestly power—at least second only to the capital. The road to Quezaltenango in the rainy season is almost impassable. Take one of our country lanes, cut ditches across it, dig deep pits in it, throw some big stones in the centre of it, and run a few streams across it, and you have a fair sample of what this road is when the rains are beating upon it each day. A concession has been granted to com-

plete this branch to Quezaltenango, and it is an improvement much needed. The completion of the line is promised in the near future by the government.

A number of towns of more or less importance are reached by the railroad. With the exception of Mazatenango, a town of about the size of Retalhuleu, and Patulul, they are all sleepy looking places where the hungry-looking dogs and buzzards are the only creatures that seem to be busy or even looking for something to do. It is a good thing for these places that these scavengers do keep busy, for they are the only health officers in commission, and they have no human assistants. The most of the dogs are not fed in order to encourage them to forage for a living, and the number of thin, cadaverous-looking dogs wandering around and searching for a chance to fill a great aching void in their interior anatomy is truly astonishing and equals Constantinople. Bernal Diaz, the historian of the conquest, says the natives used to raise a certain species of dog that never barked and was very good eating and the flesh of which was sold in the market.

At Escuintla the Occidental Railway connects with the Guatemala Central, which runs from



A WATERFALL NEAR ESCUINTLA.

San Jose, the principal port, to the capital. This city seems destined to be the railway centre of the country for here the Pan American railroad will cross the interoceanic line. At present it is a much less important city than formerly, when it was the headquarters of the dealers in the coffee, indigo, and the cochineal trade. Aniline dyes have taken the place of the old dyes, other towns have shared its importance as a coffee centre and the town is said to be only a ghost of its former self. It is, however, still an ideal, lazy, tropical town where the greater part of the twelve thousand inhabitants take life easy. The narrow, cobbled streets are bordered by dismal-looking adobe huts, and palms line the Avenue of San Luis which were ancient when the oldest inhabitant was a youth.

In the winter time Escuintla is a resort for the inhabitants of the capital who come here for the hot baths and a warmer climate, for the elevation is only about three hundred feet above sea-level. In the summer the temperature at midday is decidedly hot and even animals seek the shade. The large-leaved plants fold up until about three o'clock, when the rain begins first with a few large drops. A torrent

then follows which ceases as suddenly as it began, when a new life appears, the plants open, and the roses are again fresh and fragrant. The Indian women of Escuintla are quite attractive and will draw the attention of an American as they walk along the street balancing jars of water holding from three to five gallons on their heads. They are well developed and naturally graceful and wear many coral necklaces or bangles of small silver coins. From ten to thirty they are in their prime and at forty they are old women.

The Central railway was built by C. P. Huntington and his associates, and is the oldest and, for a long time, was the only railroad in the country. It is about seventy-five miles in length and is a well-constructed road. The most of the traffic from the capital and interior to the Pacific passes over this line to its port, San Jose, which is very similar in its facilities to Champerico.

This road, in connection with the Guatemala Northern, completed a year ago, makes the third interoceanic railway south of our own borders, the other two being the Tehuantepec National, in Mexico, and the Panama railroad. Another road will soon be completed in Costa



SAN JOSE, THE PORT OF GUATEMALA CITY.

Rica, so it is claimed. Over the Guatemala Northern Railroad it is now possible to travel from Guatemala City to Puerto Barrios, the principal Gulf port, by rail. This road was the dream of President Rufino Barrios a quarter of a century ago, as he had already at that time granted a concession for its construction. The first spike was driven in 1892 and two years later the line was opened as far as El Rancho, a distance of one hundred and twenty-nine miles, while the entire distance from port to capital is nearly two hundred miles. The government finances running low by that time, it was leased to a private company who operated it for revenue only. It was not a bonanza for the operators even when they used all the income for profit and operating expenses without placing any of it back in the road. The difficulties in the operation of a railroad in a tropical country are many and they were all encountered here. The ties soon decayed, and in the rainy season the streams became raging torrents which washed away bridges and the tracks along their banks. The rolling stock was likewise neglected and in a few years the road was practically abandoned. Furthermore, the road being without a good terminus, the

freight offered for transportation was relatively small.

Only one train each week to connect with the mail steamers was run for several years. Finally, in 1902, the government took up the project with renewed vigour and secured the services of Sir William Van Horne, the man who made possible the Canadian Pacific transcontinental line, and later built the Cuban railways. Hundreds of men were placed at work reconstructing the road, building new bridges and completing the gap to the capital of about seventy miles. This last extension was within the mountain ranges and required some remarkable engineering feats. There are many tunnels and cuts through solid rock and the longest stretch of straight track is less than a mile. This last section was finally opened for traffic on the 19th of January, 1908, and imposing ceremonies were begun that day which continued throughout the entire week. President Cabrera and his cabinet, and the diplomatic corps took part in the ceremonies, and were passengers on the first through passenger train which was run from the capital to the Gulf on that date. The dream of several presidents and the despair of many engineers



THE WEEKLY TRAIN ON THE GUATEMALA NORTHERN.

has at last become a reality, and another ocean-to-ocean line has been thrown open for the world's commerce.

There are no large towns along the line of the Guatemala Northern. Zacapa, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, is the largest place and contains the railroad shops and offices. From this city it is the ultimate intention to build a branch to San Salvador, the only Central American republic with no Atlantic seaport, and give that republic an opening to the Gulf of Mexico and the near ports of the United States. The first rails for this very feasible project have already been laid and this important line will be of great advantage to American merchants. It is said that the road will be built without delay and I sincerely hope that such will be the case. That word *mañana* (to-morrow), however, cuts a very important figure in affairs in this part of the world, and money is not always as plentiful as desired.

After leaving Gualan, the next place of importance, the road plunges into the denser tropics, where forests of the graceful bamboo, and the palms which are the personification of grace and beauty, alternate with plains fit for graz-

ing. Ferns, tall canes, and the lianes predominate in vegetation, while birds with strange voices, insects with equally strange shapes and noisy lizards become the visible life of the jungle. The road follows near the Montagua River with its ever-varying shores, where much trouble has been experienced during the rainy season. The large bridge across this stream has been torn away twice during the rainy season, and, in a number of places, the track has been washed away or has slipped into the stream a number of times. Every few miles there are section houses for the accommodation of the track employees built in the sombre forest. The management found it almost impossible to get the Indians to work in these tropical swamps. Hundreds of southern negroes had been brought over, being lured by the promise of \$1.50 per day, in gold, and their board. Most of them would leave by the first boat if they had money enough to get back or could work their passage across. A party of twenty-two had just come over on the boat that took me away and a more dejected lot of "cullud gemmen" I never saw, for they had already heard of the life that was in store for them, and they were trying to devise ways and means for their

return to "God's Country," as one of them called it.

Puerto Barrios, the terminus of this railroad, will be the great distributing centre not alone for Guatemala, but also for San Salvador, which is the smallest but most densely populated of the Central American republics. It is only a four days' journey from New Orleans and Mobile with the present service, and the nine hundred miles of water could be covered in two and one-half to three days easily. At present it takes fifteen to eighteen days from New York to Guatemala City, via Panama, and nearly as long by the monthly steamer from that city to Puerto Barrios. The steamers from San Francisco to San Jose consume almost an equal amount of time. With proper service Guatemala City could be reached in four days from New Orleans, which would certainly give the United States a great advantage over any European country in the commerce of the future. The distance by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or from Puerto Barrios to San Jose, is two hundred and seventy miles. The opening of the railway will also reduce to an appreciable extent the freight charges which hitherto have been heavy because it was neces-

sary to transport everything on mule back for seventy miles.

At the present time the real Puerto Barrios consists of a single row of lazy, steep-roofed, palm-thatched, native huts, that spring from the very water's edge. There are four large wooden buildings which shelter the customs officials, local garrison, commandante and officers of the transportation company. There is also a very creditable hotel. The port officers strut around in their gay uniforms and make a very close examination of both incoming and outgoing baggage. Though the population is not numerous, the languages are many, and one can hear Spanish, German, French, English, the sibilant Chinese, and the unintelligible gibberish of the Carib.

In addition to the lines already enumerated there is a road about twenty miles in length running from the Pacific port of Ocos inland and which will reach the projected Pan American railway. There is another short road extending from Panzos, at the head of navigation on the Polochic River to Pancajche, a distance of about twenty-eight miles. This road was intended to be built to Coban, a city of twenty-five thousand people, and the largest city on



A BELLE OF PUERTO BARRIOS.

the Gulf side of the mountains. It is an old place founded soon after the conquest, that has been prosperous in times past but is probably no larger now than a half century ago. It is also in a rich coffee section which furnishes the bulk of the commerce from there.

There should be a railroad from Coban to the capital. At present it takes as long to cover the intervening distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles as to travel from Chicago to San Francisco on the overland flyers. There are also several important and fair-sized cities, such as Huehuetenango, Totonicapan and Santa Cruz del Quiché, in the mountains which have no railway communication and where such an enterprise would be welcomed. Nothing is more needed and no improvement will aid more in developing the country than new railroads connecting these cities with the outside world.

The engineers and conductors on all the Central American roads are almost exclusively Americans — many of them, as I learned, having been discharged from American roads for various offences. Some of them gravitate that way by a succession of steps on Mexican roads. It is, nevertheless, a satisfaction to an

American travelling there for he has some one to talk to in his favourite language. There is only one train a day on any of the roads, and that a mixed passenger and freight, and the speed is never great enough to alarm the timid traveller.

CHAPTER VII

THE ANCIENTS AND THEIR MONUMENTS

“World wrongly called the New! this clime was old
When first the Spaniards came, in search of gold.
Age after age its shadowy wings have spread,
And man was born, and gathered to the dead;
Cities rose, ruled, dwindled to decay,
Empires were formed, then darkly swept away;
Race followed race, like cloud-shades o’er the field,
The stranger still to strangers doomed to yield.”

At the time of the conquest the Aztecs, who were then at the height of their power and glory, were the dominant race in what is now Mexico and Central America. And yet the broad plains of Yucatan and Central America were the theatre of a much older civilization compared with which that of the Aztecs was, as one writer says, “as the brightness of the full meridian moon to the splendour of the sun that has already set.” As to whether the Aztec culture was a borrowed culture or not has been the subject of much vain speculation, and little has been accomplished by actual investi-

gation. It is still a matter of dispute "Whether the Maya culture was developed on the soil where its remains are found, or brought with the people from parts unknown; whether the Aztecs borrowed from the Mayas, or the Mayas from the Aztecs; or whether both these great nations derived their culture from the Toltecs. And again, it is claimed that the Toltecs themselves are nothing more than the figures of a sun-myth."

From this it will be seen that of these early races and their history little is known. It is supposed that the Toltecs who appeared in the Valley of Mexico about the seventh century and built the city of Tula, and possibly Mitla, wandered southward after their defeat by the Aztecs and finally stopped in Guatemala where they found rest from pursuit. This much at least is known that the region comprising the greater part of Guatemala, and the western portion of Honduras, and Yucatan, was the seat of an ancient American civilization as highly developed and as interesting to the archæological or anthropological student as any of the primitive civilizations of the Old World. Long before the dream of western

empire began to fire the ambitions of European kings and incite the adventurous spirits of the times, centuries before the empire of the Montezumas had reached the height of its glory, when it was destined to become the prey of those avaricious adventurers, the curtain had already fallen on the last sad scene that closed the career of this Maya, or Toltec, empire, and the ruined cities alone remained as a reminder of their former splendour.

There are numerous remains of these cities, or rather they might be termed ruins of religious and governmental centres, for no ruins have been found of private dwellings. Religion and government seem to have been one and inseparable among these early races. Among these ruins are those of Palenque and Uxmal in Yucatan, Utatlan and Quirigua in Guatemala, Copan,¹ and some lesser known ruins in Honduras. There are probably still other cities in the wildernesses around Lake Peten awaiting the coming of the traveller — cities that had their birth so far back in the twilight of time that not even a tradition remains to tell who built them.

There are some traditions which have come

¹ See appendix for description.

down to us in a book called the "Popul Vuh," or sacred book of the Quichés, by an unknown author. Two translations exist of this book, one in Spanish by Ximenes, the other in French by the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg. Mr. Brigham, in his excellent work, has translated into English a number of the legends contained in that quaint work concerning the founding of the world, the creation of the first inhabitants and other curious lore. I will quote but one concerning the creation of the world:—

“Then the word came to Tepeu Gucumatz in the shades of night; it spoke to Gucumatz and said to him: It is time to consult, to consider, to meet and hold counsel together, to join speech and wisdom to light the way and for mutual guidance. And the name of this is Huracan, the Voice which sounds: the Voice of Thunder is the first; the second is the Flash of Light; the Lightning is the third. These three are the Heart of Heaven, and they descended to Gucumatz at the moment when he was considering the work of creation. Know that this water will retire and give place to land, which shall appear everywhere; there shall be light in the heaven and on earth: but we have yet made no being who shall respect

and honour us. They spoke, and the land appeared because of them.”

The Spaniards found numerous books among the priesthood and old Indian families of many pages, in which the history, traditions and customs of the people are probably recorded. The pages were covered with numerals, glyphs and drawings quite beautifully executed in colours. The Spanish priests destroyed all these writings that they could get their hands on, just as they did the records of the Aztecs in Mexico, and made bonfires of the accumulated literature of centuries. Thus, to satisfy a religious bigotry, they have deprived us of a true knowledge of the progressive races who once dwelt in this favoured land. A few of these books still exist and they are preserved in European libraries, although copies have been reproduced for other libraries.

Mr. Gordon, in an article in the *Century Magazine*, describes these books as follows:—

“ Four only have come down to us — priceless relics that in some unknown manner found their way into European libraries, where they lay hidden until unearthed by scholars of recent years. The books of the Mayas consisted of long strips of paper made from maguey

fibre, and folded after the manner of a screen so as to form pages about nine by five inches; these were covered with hieroglyphic characters, very neatly drawn by hand, in brilliant colours. Boards were fastened on the outside pages, and the completed book looked like a neat volume of large octavo size. The characters in which they are written are the same as those found upon the stone tablets and monuments in the ruined cities of Palenque and Copan. This system of writing, which is entirely distinct from the picture-writing of the Aztecs, was the exclusive possession of the Mayas. It was a highly developed system, and, as investigations have shown, embraced a number of phonetic elements. In this respect, as in many others, the Mayas were far in advance of any other American people."

A flood of light might be let in upon prehistoric America if these books and the inscriptions on the many columns which have been found, and which are very similar, could ever be deciphered. It is known that many of the hieroglyphics record dates, but the significance of most of them is unknown. They are evidently of a peaceful character as there is nothing to indicate that they are memorials of strife

or anything of a warlike nature. These people possessed a well-developed system of numeration whose chief application seemed to be in their time-reckoning. Their year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, the year beginning on the day of transit of the sun by the zenith. As the months only gave a period of three hundred and sixty days, the remaining five days were arbitrarily added to make the complete cycle.

Among the most remarkable and inexplicable ruins of these people are those of Quirigua which are not far from Port Izabal. These ruins are completely hidden in a thick tropical forest a few miles from a village of the same name. They consist of several square and oblong mounds and terraces, varying from six to forty feet on each side, which were ascended by flights of stone steps. The principal interest, however, centres in several large, carved monoliths of light-coloured, coarse-grained sandstone, thirteen in number, arranged irregularly around what were probably the most important plazas. There are numerous hieroglyphic inscriptions on these monoliths which have Egyptian characteristics. The natives seem to have no traditions respecting the ruins, and

they simply call them *idoles*, that is, idols. Several of the stones are from three to four feet square and from fourteen to twenty-five feet high above the ground.

The entire surface, except top and bottom, is covered with inscriptions. On the front and back are full length human figures standing in stiff and conventional attitude. Tiger heads carved above these figures probably indicate high rank, or chiefs, and a skull denotes death. The mysterious symbols of the Greek cross which is also found on these stones has been the cause of much speculation among scholars. If the human figures are portraits of persons, who were they? Where did they live? and what did they do that they should be thus immortalized?

Various theories have been propounded concerning all these ruins of Mexico and Central America, and it would be presumptuous for anyone not a member of a dozen or more learned societies and bearing several scientific degrees to venture an opinion. A few writers ascribe them to descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, to the Phœnicians, and to the Egyptians. Some ascribe to them great antiquity and others assert that they are of comparatively recent con-



ONE OF THE COLUMNS AT QUIRIGUA.

struction. The well-known traveller, J. L. Stephens, says: "They are the work of the same race who inhabited the country at the time of the Spanish conquest, or of some not very distant progenitors." The great argument against this view is, however, that there were no traditions among the people found by the Spaniards that shed any light as to their origin, as would certainly have been the case if he is correct. The people who built them seem to have had a distinct, independent and separate existence.

Professor Marshall H. Saville, of the Department of Anthropology, in Columbia University, and also one of the curators in the American Museum of Natural History, is one of the best versed authorities on the ruins of Spanish-America, as he has visited many of them in connection with scientific expeditions. Through his courtesy I am enabled to give the following description written by him of the ruins at Quirigua:—

Of all the ancient cities in Central America, the forest covered ruins of Quirigua are perhaps the least known. They are situated in the valley of the Motagua, or Montagua River, about half a league from the left bank, and

about sixty miles from the mouth where it empties into the Caribbean Sea. Entirely overspread with the densest tropical vegetation found anywhere in Central America, they have remained unexplored and their extent unknown. Now, however, the transcontinental railway from Puerto Barrios to the City of Guatemala passes through the valley at a distance of not more than a mile from this wonderful group of remains, and they are thus brought within easy reach of the traveller.

As yet no systematic excavation has ever been carried on there, although no field in Central America offers a richer return to the archæologist. It is not at all improbable that still more valuable sculptures may be buried in the paradise of luxuriant growth, in which cacao, quina, india rubber, mahogany, bamboo and gigantic ferns abound, through the depths of which the jaguar, puma, tapir and peccary roam at will, while birds of brilliant coloured plumage are exceedingly numerous.

The ruins consist of a large number of mounds, pyramids, terraces or platforms, both square and rectangular, measuring from six to forty feet in height, some standing in groups of four arranged around a central square or

plaza, while others occupy an isolated position. The greater number of these structures have been faced with squared stones and had flights of stone steps on one side leading to the top.

There are three principal structures in the main group, near which are standing thirteen large monuments in the form of stelae, and large, rounded masses carved to represent grotesque animals. These are in what is probably the great plaza, or square, the heart of the ancient city. At the northern end is a large rectangular terraced structure about three hundred feet long from east to west and one hundred and seventy-five feet from north to south. Near the northwestern corner is what appears to be an artificial lagoon, or pond, which probably has an outlet in the Montagua River. At the southern base of the structure are standing three stelae, or monoliths, ranging in height from fourteen to eighteen feet and having carved on the front and back representations of human figures. On one is a man with a chin beard. Both sides are entirely covered with hieroglyphic writing in the form of squares, called *katuns*. On another is perhaps the most important hieroglyphic inscription yet found in America. It consists of two kinds of wri-

ting. The upper half of the inscription is in pictures elaborately and intricately carved, while in the lower half are the abbreviated and conventional characters such as are commonly found in the Mayan glyphs.

Undoubtedly an unravelling of the picture writing will aid greatly in deciphering the hundreds of inscriptions which are found in the territory once occupied by the Maya race, formerly the most advanced of all the ancient peoples of America. In only two other monuments is this form of "picture" writing found, one example being in the ruins of Copan, Honduras, where the back of a stela is entirely covered with pictures.

About two hundred feet south of these three monoliths are the two highest monuments which have been discovered in the new world. The first stands twenty-five feet above the ground; the other is twenty-two feet high. The first mentioned is leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees, and as it stands there must be at least ten feet of its length under ground. There are full face human figures carved on the front and back, and a hieroglyphic inscription on either side. (Fortunately it has been accurately moulded by Mr. Maudslay in

plaster, and a cast is in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, and in the Peabody Museum at Harvard College.)

The second stela, twenty-two feet high, is by far the most artistically carved of all the standing monoliths. It has large, full-face human figures on the front and back, and both sides are occupied by hieroglyphs. The figure best preserved represents a man with a small chin beard. He is standing on a platform covered with symbolic carving. His feet, which are placed heel to heel, are shod with elaborate sandals. On his head is an immense head dress, made up of five superimposed grotesque faces or masks. From either side extend feathers, which are carved gracefully around the sides above the inscriptions, the whole effect being most striking.

The ears of the person are almost covered with huge ear ornaments. The breast and body to the waist are loaded with ornaments, and an elaborately worked loin cloth hangs from the waist, down between the legs to the feet. In the right hand is held a kind of wand or sceptre, much resembling a "jumping jack." The upper part is a grotesque little figure, with a long nose, representing a deity. From the

bottom of the stick hang feathers. The left hand is covered by a shield, on the face of which is a mask, probably a representation of the sun god.

Near at hand are two fallen stelae about ten feet in length, entirely covered with moss and vegetable debris. About eight hundred feet south of these two large stelae is a high truncated pyramid, more than one hundred and fifty feet in diameter at the base. A short distance east and northeast are three large monuments, and from three hundred to four hundred feet south in a plaza enclosed on three sides, is another group of stelae.

The most important of these is in the form of a conventionally carved gigantic turtle, the most extraordinary sculpture in Central America. Roughly described, it is a cube about eight feet in size and probably weighing twenty tons. It is entirely covered with picture and hieroglyphic writing, and representations of a symbolic character, among which are several exaggerated animal and human faces and figures. (A plaster cast of this is also found in the above named museums.) In addition, there is an interesting figure carved on another stela, representing a woman, with fat, round cheeks,

which has been called the enano, or dwarf. Besides the monuments now standing there are several fallen stelae, some complete, while others are broken.

The rock out of which they are carved is a gray porphyry, the quarries being several miles from the ruins and more than six hundred feet above the valley. The stones were probably all transported in the rough and carved on the spot where they now stand, the debris being used in the construction of the pyramids and edifices. The labour of transporting these immense stones must have been stupendous, and indicates a very high knowledge of mechanics.

In the mounds and pyramids all traces of palaces and temples of stone have disappeared. One excavation made, however, proves that stone buildings have existed, for in the principal pyramid several rooms have been uncovered, revealing the triangular Maya arch, with walls to the rooms, made of nicely laid stones, covered with stucco or plaster, and with smooth cement floors.

During the last decade decided advance has been made in deciphering the Mayan inscriptions, and the Quirigua hieroglyphs have received considerable attention, especially since

the appearance of the work of Mr. A. P. Maudsley. The careful drawings have given us material for a comparative study of these inscriptions with those of Copan and Palenque. Certain parts of the writing have been unravelled and the mystery surrounding them is being slowly dispelled. Much remains to be done, however, before the entire body of the inscriptions is deciphered.

So far as they have been worked out they relate to chronological counts extending over a period of more than three thousand years. This does not imply that they had a written history of such respectable antiquity, but according to their ingenious calendar system and mode of reckoning time they are carried back to a fixed date, very much as we reckon from a fixed date, namely, the birth of Christ. The later dates of the Quirigua inscriptions very probably may be assigned to a place somewhere about the beginning of the Christian era.

CHAPTER VIII

THE STORY OF THE REPUBLIC

“GOLD,” said Columbus in a letter to King Ferdinand, “is the most excellent of metals. With gold we not only do whatever we please in this world, but we can employ it to snatch souls from Purgatory and to people Paradise.” This was the keynote to the Spanish character and explains the difference between the civilizations established by Spain and other colonizing nations. Thrifty activity was regarded with disdain by the cavalier and each man sought only enough money to live on the interest of it, or to establish a trust fund for his family. The government imposed on each of its colonies a multitude of officials, since nowhere in the world were there so many nobles for whom it was necessary to provide honourable employment, and an opportunity to acquire the riches that were deemed so desirable. This greed for gold and contempt for all industrial and agricultural pursuits is perhaps

the most remarkable feature of Spain's colonial policy.

“The Spaniards,” says a historian, “conceived the Americans to be animals of an inferior nature, who were not entitled to the rights and privileges of men. In peace they subjected them to servitude. In war they paid no regard to those laws, which, by a tacit convention between contending nations, regulate hostility and set bounds to its rage.” The history of the conquest of Guatemala is but another story of war, rapine and slavery similar to the other conquests of Spain. We have the testimony of Alvarado himself upon this point. On one occasion he wrote to Cortez: “That day I killed and captured many people, many of them captains and persons of rank.” At another time he wrote: “That I might bring them to the service of His Majesty, I determined to burn the lords; and I burned them and commanded their city to be burned and razed to its foundations.” Prisoners were branded on the cheeks and thighs and sold as slaves at public auction, one-fifth of the money realized going to the Spanish crown in all cases. It was not many months until Guatemala acknowledged the sovereignty of Spain,



INDIAN GIRL.

and, with Chiapas, now the southernmost state of the republic of Mexico, was made a province with a resident captain-general.

The rule of Spain lasted for nearly three centuries, from 1524 to 1821. Under their system of government the natives were looked upon as lawful prey and were oppressed in every possible way. Las Casas, and a few of the other priests, endeavoured to prevent extreme cruelty, although even their methods would not appear very high, according to present standards. The policy of Spain was always narrow and selfish. The unlimited power of the clergy and their immunity from the civil laws made them arrogant and intolerant. Even before the death of Alvarado, in 1541, there were numerous uprisings of the Indians which were crushed with an iron hand. The false system of government created distrust in all, so that no man put confidence in his neighbour. The Inquisition, that terrible institution of blind hatred and bigotry, flourished here with all its malevolence and many were its victims. Although the Indians were exempt from its action, it gave a ready way to dispose of anyone who made himself particularly obnoxious to the powers that were, and the of-

fenders were turned over to the tender mercies of those who seemed to rejoice in human suffering and misery. We turn with horror from the sacrificial altars of the Aztec and Toltec races; and yet a careful search by historians has not found any persecution for opinion's sake among these people, but their offerings were all made to please their deities.

As generation after generation of American-born but European-descended Guatemalans arose and a certain national spirit and feeling was developed, these persons demanded some recognition and at least a limited degree of home rule. This Spain would not grant, but continued to send her viceroys, captains-general, archbishops, etc., from the mother country. Of the one hundred and seventy viceroys who ruled in the Americas, only four were of American birth, and those were reared and educated in Spain. It was the same with the archbishops, bishops, captains-general and other chief officials.

The opening of the nineteenth century was pregnant with important events both in Europe and America. The success of the English colonists in overthrowing the foreign yoke acted as a leaven in spreading dissatisfaction through-

out the Spanish colonies. Napoleon was at the height of his power and was upturning monarchies with a reckless hand. Affairs in Spain culminated in the detention by this Lord of Europe of the King of Spain, Ferdinand VII, and the other members of the royal family at Bayonne, France, until he forced them to resign their rights to the Spanish crown in his favour. Joseph Napoleon, brother of the emperor, was crowned as King of Spain. Heretofore the Audiencia, captain-general and archbishop of Guatemala, though many times wishing for freedom, could not bring themselves to discard the country that gave them birth, religion and civilization. Even educated Indians, though desiring independence, looked upon the ruling power with fear and an almost superstitious reverence. Napoleon's acts of violence and usurpation of the throne upon which all Spanish subjects looked with such veneration broke this enchantment, greatly stimulated the desire for freedom and gave it new impetus. Up to this time the subjects of Spain in Central America had been allowed no voice in their own government save as timid petitioners. At last the right was granted to Guatemala to choose a deputy who

should reside at the court, and on March 3rd, 1810, Manuel Jose Pavon y. Munoz was chosen for this position. Promises of reform were held out by the Spanish Cortes, but nothing seemed to be done in good faith and the patience of those governed was gradually exhausted.

A constant espionage was maintained by the police by way of intimidation. Informers and spies seemed omnipresent. Jose Bustamente, of Guerra, the newly-appointed captain-general, adopted stringent measures to stem the rising tide of insurrection. No intelligent native was free from suspicion which frequently resulted in his imprisonment or exile. A long memorial sent to the Spanish Cortes setting forth the causes of discontent resulted in the adoption of an organic code which promised reform and for a few months had a beneficial effect.

It was on the 15th of September, 1810, that the patriot-priest Hidalgo issued his famous *pronunciamento* declaring the sovereignty of Spain at an end in Mexico. The news of his success again stimulated the germs of independence in Guatemala and they began to germinate in secret among the more intelligent of

both Creoles and natives. The government used every means to keep the people in ignorance of the real events in Mexico and South America and spread reports of great government successes in putting down the insurrections. Restiveness and despair fell upon many and the hopes of a better government by Spain evaporated. Men were unwilling to live longer under such despotism, and they began to look upon even death as a relief.

In 1811, *pronunciamentos* began to appear in a number of cities in the Kingdom of Guatemala, and on November 5th of that year the first blow was struck for freedom by the capture of several thousand muskets and a large sum of money in the Salvador treasury. The Archbishop granted eighty days indulgences for those not participating in the revolutionary movements, but this promise had little effect among the thinking classes. The masses, on the other hand, were in a degraded condition, socially, intellectually and morally, and controlled by an ignorant fanaticism. The most absurd doctrines and miracles were implicitly believed in, and fealty to the sovereigns, so they were taught, was a high virtue.

Spain was practically helpless because of her

troubles in Mexico and South America where formidable revolutions were in progress. Because of this no large armies were sent and there was no great war for independence. During the years from 1811 to 1821, however, there were thousands of victims to the cause of independence throughout all of Central America and Chiapas — men who sacrificed life, liberty and freedom. Even if there were no great bloody fields of carnage or brilliant feats of arms, as in Mexico, there were tragedies in abundance, and the lives sacrificed upon the sacred altar of patriotism were as precious as those slain in battle in other countries. The Betlen conspiracy, in 1813, led by a patriotic priest, gained considerable headway, but the conspirators soon found themselves in prison through a betrayal of their plans. In 1814, a national constitution was proclaimed by Spain through her representative, Bustamente, but few believed that it was in good faith. The desire for separation from the galling yoke of Spain had taken too strong a hold to be appeased by a little sop.

Finally, in 1821, Spain's representative, Señor Gavino Gainza, joined the rebels. On the 14th of September of that year the govern-

ment house in Guatemala City was thronged by representatives of the people who came to attend a meeting that had been called by Gainza. Immediate independence was advised by the majority of those representatives and every attempt at a vacillating policy was defeated. Every vote for independence was received by the citizens who had gathered on the plaza with loud applause and those against it with groans. The anti-independents fearing for their lives retired from the palace, but they were not molested. An *Acta de Independencia* was then drawn up, adopted, signed and sworn to by all those who were present, and publicly proclaimed on the following day. This act declared Guatemalans to be a free and independent people and invited citizens of the provinces to elect at once representatives to a national congress to be convened on the 1st day of March, 1822, on the basis of one representative for each fifteen thousand inhabitants. This was just two hundred and ninety-seven years, three months and nineteen days from the time Alvarado and his followers took possession of the country.

A provisional *junta* was formed to advise with Gainza, who had apparently thrown his

die with independence, but secretly — so it is claimed — intended to deal doubly. Chiapas had proclaimed independence a few days earlier and was the first province of the Guatemala captain-generalcy, or Kingdom of Guatemala, as it was called, to throw off the Spanish yoke. San Salvador followed on the 21st of September, Honduras on the 16th of October, Nicaragua on the 21st of October and Costa Rica on the 27th of October. All of these provinces formally accepted the Plan of Iguala proclaimed by Iturbide of Mexico, which provided as follows: preservation of the Roman Catholic Church; independence under a monarchical form of government with a prince of the royal house of Spain as ruler; union and equality of Spaniards and Mexicans and Central Americans.

The change to freedom was not easy after three centuries of misrule. The abolishment of slavery forty years before the United States freed her black men was one good omen. Two parties, conservatives and liberals, sprang up. The most of the enlightened ones espoused the cause of the liberals, while the old families, those with race prejudice, and the clergy adhered to the conservative cause, although many

of the priests were in the front rank of those battling for independence. Thus the state cast adrift without any fixed policy.

The idea of annexation to Mexico began to grow popular. Iturbide, who had in the meantime made himself Emperor of Mexico, sent messengers to Gainza, who espoused that cause and began to persecute those opposed to that idea. Republicans were insulted and even conversations on the street on political subjects were prohibited. The *junta* decreed annexation on the 5th of January, 1822, and the people were given all the rights of Mexican citizens. This union only lasted for about fifteen months and was dissolved soon after the fall of the Emperor Iturbide. The only tangible results of the union were internal strife and heavy taxes.

In 1823 a congress of the states of Central America was summoned to meet in Guatemala City. This congress assembled in June as the *Asamblea Nacional Constituyente* and remained in session nearly two years. It founded the United Province of Central America, but difficulties soon set in between the different provinces. A constitution was framed and promulgated in 1825 for which the constitution

of the United States was taken as a model. Arcé was proclaimed the first president in the same year and was soon after recognized by most of the leading powers. Conflicts arose very soon between the federal and local authorities in Guatemala City, which city had been made the capital of the confederation. The vice-president, Flores, retired to Quezaltenango, where he was attacked by an infuriated mob of natives on the 13th of October, 1826. He sought refuge in the pulpit of the parish church from whence he was dragged by a mob of women and literally torn to pieces. The Indians had been aroused by a Spanish priest who attributed a pestilence to him. A reign of religious fanaticism soon followed and troops from San Salvador invaded Guatemala to restore order. Convents and monasteries were suppressed by the government, but Arcé found himself unable to preserve order, and resigned the presidency.

In 1799, there was born in Honduras a child named Francisco Morazan, who was destined to be the greatest figure in this Central American Confederation. His father was a Frenchman and his mother a native Creole woman of that country. We know little of his youth ex-

cept that he managed to acquire a fair education for that age. He grew up to be a man of impetuous but not sanguinary temperament, and was possessed of great decision and perseverance. His bearing was free and manly; his manner was frank and open; his domestic life was exemplary. After holding several minor offices in Honduras he became secretary-general of that province, then Senator and *jefe*, or governor, but his bent was that of a warrior. Revolution broke out at La Antigua, in Guatemala, and this province then placed itself under the protection and leadership of General Morazan, who had an army of about two thousand men, and who had espoused the cause of the malcontents. With this small force Morazan besieged Guatemala City, the capital of the federation, and the city soon capitulated. General Morazan thereupon assumed the power of state and used much vigour, but was just. He afterwards wrote, "No one was put to death or had money exacted from him." This was an almost unheard of leniency in Central America, but he had no cause to regret this magnanimity, even though there was much blood to avenge and there were many grievances to punish.

A period of reaction followed, for the servile

conservative party, which had been hitherto dominant, fell. It seemed almost as though Morazan had been called by Providence itself. Some cruel measures by his followers and supporters followed, but the best authorities do not blame him personally for those acts, as he seemed to be above petty measures for the purpose of revenge. It was even decreed that all salaries that had been paid for several years be refunded to the national treasury and harsh means were taken to collect them. A few months later another man was elected president by the new congress that had been chosen, although Morazan was the real power behind the throne, but at that time he preferred the military command. Many prisoners were exiled, the archbishop and a number of friars expelled, and all monastic institutions, except one, were suppressed by the new government. Because of fear of trouble from Spain all property of Spanish subjects was ordered sequestered until that country formally recognized independence.

It was ever a struggle between the church party and the anti-clericals. On one side were arrayed the sincere adherents of the church and the clergy, many of whom were bigoted as well



A PEON.

as covetous. In the other party were the honest patriots and those who expected to reap emolument from the confiscation of church property. In addition there was a floating class of professional revolutionists who threw their lot with whichever party promised the greatest reward, and the bandits who would rob a church as cheerfully as a lonely traveller on the road.

It is difficult to realize how long it takes to throw away temporal and spiritual fetters, even though they are self-forged. The people of Central America felt lost without harness and reins, whip and spurs, as soon as a little freedom had been gained. They did not know what to do with their liberty which many interpreted to mean license. They thought it consisted of wranglings for place, of wars of brothers against brothers, of priests against people. A self-styled aristocracy and ignorant rabble both contributed to the discontent.

They had copied the letter and not the spirit of American institutions. The scheming politicians would hesitate at nothing to attain private ends or personal aggrandizement. The aristocracy were impetuous by nature and impatient of restraint, while the peons were indo-

lent and accepted whatever condition fell to them.

Finally, in 1830, Morazan was elected president at the regular election and assumed office on the 16th day of September. Ignoring all precedents this new ruler turned his first attention and efforts to further education. Peace reigned for a short time, but the demon of political strife was soon let loose again. The former president, who had just failed of re-election, invaded Guatemala with about a hundred discontented ones from Mexico, and another revolutionist entered the country from the opposite border with a couple of hundred negroes from Honduras, but both were defeated by the prompt measures of the government. Yet in this victory was actual defeat, for the dissolution of the confederation really dated from this time. Congress adopted some liberal measures at the instance of Morazan, among which were absolute freedom of conscience and the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, both of which measures showed an advance spirit of toleration. This liberty, however, angered the clericals who did not favour the progressive policies of Morazan. Furthermore, and this was the most powerful influence,

the smaller states were jealous of Guatemala, because of her predominance both in population and area, and they demanded an equal voice in the government. It was one of the same troubles that confronted the colonies during the early days of the republic. Beginning with the withdrawal of Nicaragua, in December, 1832, all the provinces formally withdrew from the confederation within a few months.

A scourge of cholera in 1837 was taken advantage of by certain fanatics of the clerical party, who made the ignorant rabble believe that the waters had been poisoned in order to destroy the natives and make room for foreigners. That such a movement should be successful seems almost incredible in this day and age, but its effect soon spread over the whole land, and the government was helpless when opposed by blind fanaticism. Cries for vengeance were heard on every side, and many physicians were put to death with cruel tortures, such as being compelled to swallow the entire contents of their medicine chests. Rafael Carrera, whose hostilities resembled highway robbery rather than civilized warfare, soon became the head of the revolt, aided by a certain class of priests who termed him the "Pro-

tecting Angel Rafael." The government put a price on Carrera's head and the following notice was posted throughout the country:

" The person or persons who may deliver the criminal Rafael Carrera, dead or alive (if he does not voluntarily present himself under the last pardon), shall receive a reward of fifteen hundred dollars and two caballerias of land, and pardon for any crime he has committed.

" The general-in-chief,

" J. N. CARVALLO.

" *Guatemala, July 20th, 1838.*"

Outlaws and robbers joined this new leader, while the main body of troops were men in rags armed with all kinds of weapons from rusty muskets to knives on long poles; and even sticks shaped like muskets with tin-plate locks were carried by many. As this oddly-assorted band approached Guatemala City thousands of women joined them with sacks to carry away the loot and plunder. Viva la religeon! Death to the foreigners! were the cries that filled the air as they entered the walls of the capital. The government, knowing its own weakness and also Carrera's mercenary

disposition, finally compromised by paying Carrera \$1,000 for his own use and \$10,000 to be distributed among his troops, and making him a general in the army. A foolish compromise! An injudicious surrender! Temporary quiet was followed by more and greater disorder, and Morazan was compelled soon afterwards to flee to San Salvador, then to Costa Rica, where he was openly insulted, and finally to South America, where he found peace and quiet.

A quiet life did not suit the spirit of General Morazan, for he soon after returned to Costa Rica and became involved in the political troubles of that country. As in Honduras and Guatemala his sword was found on the side of freedom and against oppression. Ill luck followed his forces and he was captured by treachery and the promise of immunity. He was cast in irons and a mock trial held at which he was condemned to die within three hours. The prospect of death did not break the brave spirit of this remarkable man, and he dictated his will and a defence of his actions, and then boldly faced the squad of executioners. He himself gave the command to fire, after seeing that good aim was taken by the soldiers. Thus

died at San Jose, Costa Rica, on the 15th of September, 1842, the twenty-first anniversary of freedom from the Spanish yoke, perhaps the greatest statesman that Central America has yet produced. He was misunderstood, maligned and killed, but his last words were prophetic:

“Posterity will do me justice.”

Carrera was only about twenty-one years of age when he first became the leader of the clerical, or servile, forces. Of base birth, his mother being a well-known market woman, he was so ignorant that he could not even write his name, and signed official documents with a rubber stamp; of a violent and irascible temper and the slave of violent passions, yet he was bold, determined and persevering; constantly beaten, yet he always managed to escape. From a common servant he became a pig driver and later the absolute dictator of Guatemala for many years. At first the mere tool of the priests, they were afterwards obliged to put up with the insults and abuse of the man whom they had raised up to a position of power. His vanity knew no bounds and there was no limit to his cruelty. He beat men, pulled out their hair and beards; violated

women, cut off their tresses and ears; and, while president, he occasionally shot men on the plaza for effect. On one occasion he ordered eighteen prominent citizens of Quezaltenango shot on the plaza as an example to the rest of the inhabitants.

John L. Stephens, an American diplomat, who met Carrera many times, has given us a vivid picture of this man. He describes him as about five feet, six inches in height, with straight black hair and an Indian complexion. Stephens happened to be in a town that was captured by Carrera. Every inhabitant was compelled to shout, Viva Carrera! If the person hesitated a gun would be aimed at his breast and, if he refused, it would be fired. *Viva la Patria!* was never thought of, for Carrera was the government. He never talked of how many prisoners he took, but it was always how many of the enemy were killed, for prisoners were not desired.

Carrera raised his army by promising the natives the plunder of the capital, says Stephens. He approached it with a tumultuous mass of half-naked savages, men, women and children, estimated at ten or twelve thousand. Several well-known outlaws, criminals, robbers

and murderers were with him. The "General" rode on horseback with a green bush in his hat which was hung around with pieces of cotton cloth covered with pictures of saints, wore a pair of green, frieze trousers, and a fine coat covered with gold embroidery. The natives all had green bushes in their hats, looking like a moving forest as they marched down the streets of the capital. As they proceeded the soldiers cried: "Viva la religion and death to the foreigners." One captive general was placed sidewise on a mule with his feet tied under the animal, and his face bruised, swollen, and disfigured by stones and blows of *machetes*. Many other prisoners were tied together with ropes. This was similar to the invasion of Rome by the barbaric hordes of the north.

Although virtually the head of the government from the flight of Morazan, in 1839, he was not formally chosen president until 1844. The clerical party called him "Son of God" and "Our Lord," and hailed him as their saviour. A few years later he resigned because of trouble, but did not entirely give up his power, and in 1852 was made president for life and occupied that position until his death on the 14th of April, 1865, just about the time of

the death of President Lincoln. He was even able through legislative enactment to name his successor. Congress had declared him a hero and the preserver of the republic and ordered his bust engraved on all coins. Guatemala had finally declared her independence the 21st day of March, 1847, as the Republic of Guatemala instead of a state within the confederation, by which designation it had formerly been known, although the confederation had been practically dissolved many years before.

His successor, Vicente Cerna, was a man of very ordinary ability and a religious fanatic. He was a warm friend of the Jesuits and his greatest recommendation was that he went to confession once each week as regularly and conscientiously as he took his meals. He could not control the discordant elements and insurrections soon sprang up on every hand, even though he had the united support of the church party. New and powerful leaders of the opposition came into prominence. The most influential opponent of the government at this time was Serapio Cruz, who was ably supported by Granados and J. Rufino Barrios, hitherto a refugee in Chiapas. Cruz invaded Guatemala from Chiapas in 1869 with only twenty-five

men. His numbers gradually swelled as he proceeded across the country, although only a small portion were supplied with firearms. Some carried *machetes*, while many more were entirely unarmed. He was finally defeated in an engagement with the government forces near the capital and his head was carried into the city as a ghastly trophy and a warning to other revolutionists. Granados and Barrios kept up the struggle with varying success for many months. They finally gathered up a couple of small armies and marched toward Guatemala City. Their journey was almost a triumphal procession and they entered that city as victors as Cerna fled.

H. H. Bancroft, the able and painstaking historian of Spanish North America, says that the result of thirty years of conservative rule in Guatemala was two hundred lazy and stupid monks, two hundred almost useless nuns, one archbishop, two bishops, fifteen vicars and canons, a foreign debt of five million dollars. There were no schools, roads, bridges, or telegraphs. The postal facilities were inadequate, and immense tracts of unproductive land owned by the church brought no revenue for the support of the government. This is a terrific ar-

raignment of that party and explains in a great measure why that country has lagged behind so far in the onward march of progress. And yet its history down to that time is not much worse than that of Mexico for the same period.

Granados was first made president after the flight of Cerna, but he was soon after, in 1872, succeeded by General Barrios, who ruled the country with an iron hand for more than a dozen years and was practically dictator during that time. Opinions differ a great deal concerning this man, but the passing years show the farsightedness of his policies. I talked with a great many people who knew him at the American Club in Guatemala City. All admit that he was a greater man than any of his successors, and that he was a better one is nearly as generally conceded. He was resourceful and iron-willed, but progressive; he drove his political opponents out of the country mercilessly and made many bitter enemies as a result; his friends were few because he never confided his plans to them in advance, although he would do anything for them that lay within his power and did not conflict with his purposes. One writer, who met him, has analyzed his character as follows: "In disposition he

was sympathetic and affectionate; when he liked a man he showered favours upon him; when he distrusted, he was cold and repellent; and when he hated, his vengeance was swift and sure. He did everything with a nervous impetuosity, thought rapidly and acted instantly."

Guatemala began to make progress from the very beginning of the rule — and I say rule, not administration, advisedly — of Barrios. A new constitution was adopted by the national assembly convened for that purpose, and he was re-elected president in 1880 by popular suffrage, which was really the only constitutional election ever held in the country up to that time. With all the energy of his nature he fostered education and endeavoured to uplift the masses by improving their condition and cultivating their understanding. Following the example of the other Spanish-American republics the Jesuits were banished, and much of the church property was confiscated and appropriated to the cause of education and for other public uses. He gave liberal concessions to railroads, constructed cart roads, erected telegraph lines and greatly improved the finances of the country by a new system of



J. RUFINO BARRIOS.

taxation. He even persuaded the Presbyterian Church of the United States to send a missionary to the country, paying all of his travelling expenses and providing him and his family with accommodations. The missionary opened a Sunday school in the capital, to which the President sent his own children and urged his officials to do the same. Thus, for a time at least, the Protestant Mission was very popular and fashionable. He enforced the observance of the Sabbath and made everyone send their children to the public schools or pay for the privilege of sending them to private schools.

Although the government established by him was not of the people nor by the people, he fully intended it to be for the people. His failure probably was due to his lack of that conciliation and diplomacy which Porfirio Diaz used so successfully during the first few years of his presidency in Mexico, by which means he united the discordant elements. In view of the radical measures undertaken by Barrios it is not surprising that powerful enemies were made who on numerous occasions attempted his life. One plot was made in a woman's house, similar to that of Mrs. Surratt's, where the plot to kill Lincoln was formed, but the

woman revealed it, and seventeen of the leaders were executed on the main plaza in the capital.

One evening President Barrios and a couple of friends were walking in the little garden surrounding the theatre where they were going to attend a performance. Suddenly there was a streak of flame through the night air and with a thud a bomb fell almost at the feet of Barrios. The fuse sizzled and flashed as it burned, but the man for whom it was intended was as cool and unperturbed as if the deadly bomb was nothing more than a toy firecracker. Coolly picking it up, he put out the fuse with his hand and, turning to his companions, said in an unconcerned way: "The rascals don't know how to kill me." The President displayed magnanimity toward these plotters by pardoning all those concerned except the leader, who was sent into exile.

In 1881, President Barrios visited the United States and was received with the highest consideration by the government in Washington and by the authorities in many other cities. He came to invite this government to mediate the boundary difficulties between Guatemala and Mexico, which was done. The following year he visited Europe and again crossed the

United States on his return. In this way he endeavoured to get new ideas for the betterment of his country, and went back home with a renewed determination to establish a great nation in Central America.

For years the idea of a union of all the Central American republics had been cherished by Barrios as it had been by a number of his predecessors. In fact this idea has been the dream of nearly every president of each one of the Central American republics even to this day. Barrios thought this would be beneficial not only to his own land but to each one of the states. The methods he pursued were no worse than England and other countries have followed from time immemorial to accomplish similar ends. He was on good terms with all of the republics. San Salvador had presented him with a sword of honour in token of her esteem, and Costa Rica had made him a general in her army in recognition of her friendship.

The President of Honduras had signified his willingness to enter into such a union. Likewise the President of San Salvador had led him to believe that he favoured the movement. Nicaragua and Costa Rica refused to enter into

a confederation. Nevertheless, Barrios, trusting in the ability of the three rulers to control the situation, issued a proclamation on the 28th of February, 1885, declaring a federation of the five Central American republics and proclaiming himself as Supreme Military Chief until a choice could be made. President Zaldivar of San Salvador played him false and the scheme failed. Zaldivar was able to do this as he controlled the cables and either refused to send or garbled the dispatches forwarded to the other powers. Barrios was not daunted, but invaded San Salvador to compel Zaldivar to yield. His oldest son was killed in battle on the 21st of April, and Barrios himself was shot from ambush when he went back to search for the body of his son. His remains are buried in a cemetery near Guatemala City, and the grave is marked by a slender, broken column set upon a great square, wooden cenotaph. His widow and six children soon after embarked for the United States, where Barrios had made investments to provide for just such a contingency.

Barrios was succeeded by Manuel Lisandro Barillas, a man of kind and benevolent instincts but ill fitted to control a turbulent republic like

Guatemala. He at once withdrew the decree of federation which had proven so ill-timed and made peace with the other republics. Little was accomplished by him, although he attempted to continue the reform policies of Barrios. He was elected for and served for one full term, but was defeated for re-election by a nephew of the elder Barrios. This soured him and from that time until his death he was a more or less turbulent factor in the Guatemala political situation. When I was in that country he was in Chiapas, on the border of Guatemala, where, as I was informed by an American who had seen him, he had a force of twenty-five men "armed to the teeth." This seems like a small force, but Granados had no more when he made his successful march and overthrew the existing government. Barillas had figured that the malcontents would flock to him as soon as he entered the country. He had sacrificed his all, and even his daughters had sold their diamonds to purchase guns and ammunition for his campaign. The President of Mexico compelled him to leave their territory, and President Cabrera rushed troops to the border, so that the movement was a fiasco. Had it not been for this, the result

might have been different, for the discontented in Guatemala at that time numbered many.

Ex-President Barillas was killed in the City of Mexico on the 7th day of April, 1907, aged sixty-seven years. He was riding on a street car when a youth of seventeen climbed aboard and stabbed him twice in the neck, the first blow severing the jugular vein. The assassin was a young Guatemalan who seemed to have come to Mexico for that purpose.

The successor of Barillas as president, José Maria Reina Barrios, served only a few years and developed no marked policy. He was a man of energy and strong will, but did not possess the ability or strength of character of his uncle. During the first few years of his term he gave the country a fairly good government and worked much for the prosperity of Guatemala. Near the close of his first term, however, he sought by legislative enactment to extend his term of office for five years, and a series of revolutions followed. In February, 1898, he was assassinated on the streets of Guatemala City by a foreigner, evidently an anarchist, and the country was left in a disastrous condition.

The *Premier Designado*, which corresponds

to the position of Vice-President under our form of government, at the time of the assassination of Reina Barrios, was Manuel Estrada Cabrera. He was a lawyer by profession and the first civilian to hold that office since the establishment of the republic. Upon his accession to the presidency he found the country involved in many serious complications. The foreign obligations were threatening to precipitate trouble with international entanglements, and the new President at once exerted every effort to place this indebtedness in a more favourable condition, and to organize the finances in such a way that the legitimate demands of creditors might be met. It is only fair to Cabrera to say that he succeeded in these efforts even more than might have been expected by his most sanguine supporters. His legal training stood him in good stead. The finances of the country were reorganized, foreign creditors were appeased, and, after the first few years, for he was elected to a full term in September of the same year, the way to permanent peace and prosperity seemed to open up wide. Guatemala appeared for a while to be preparing to follow in the footsteps of Mexico, and Cabrera's adherents enthusias-

tically prophesied for him a career as great and meritorious as that of Mexico's wonderful statesman.

"Cabrerera is a wonderful man. He will do for Guatemala what Diaz has done for Mexico." Thus spoke a high official of that government to me concerning Manuel Estrada Cabrera, who has now been at the head of the government for more than eleven years.

It seems to me, however, that President Cabrera has signally failed in many ways. He lacks in the quality of "*simpatica*," a Spanish term that it is difficult to translate into English. He has failed to attract the affection and confidence of his people sufficiently to establish permanent peace and tranquillity. Although revolutions have not been successful, or even formidable, yet it has been only by the exercise of the most severe military measures and police espionage at all times that such has not been the result. That severity alone does not suffice to make a ruler respected, or even feared, has been demonstrated over and over again. It is not the schoolmaster who inflicts the severest penalties who preserves the best order in the schoolroom, and it is not the ruler who inaugurates a reign of terror who lays the surest

foundation for permanent peace and prosperity. In a Latin-American republic, where the president is the ruler, and not a figurehead, he must possess that peculiar and undefinable ascendancy of character, that personal magnetism which lays a spell on the popular imagination and impels them to submit to his wishes willingly. If he lacks in either of those essentials, his influence will soon wane, other leaders will receive the popular plaudits, and a revolution of public favour will leave the late favourite high and dry upon the deserted strand.

The best elucidation that can be made of this subject is by a comparison between the careers of President Cabrera and Diaz. The latter succeeded to a government that had been in the throes of revolution for three-fourths of a century, with a bankrupt treasury and a large foreign debt, the army disorganized, and the country overrun with bandits; and yet in his first term of four years, and in a country seven or eight times greater both in area and population, he accomplished far more for the betterment of Mexico than Cabrera has in eleven years at the head of affairs in Guatemala. Diaz used harsh measures where necessary, but he has accomplished more by diplomacy and the

exercise of good judgment than he has by the use of mere force. To-day there is only one party in Mexico and that is the Diaz party.

That there is great dissatisfaction in Guatemala the events of recent years fully indicate. In 1907 an attempt was made upon the life of President Cabrera by exploding a mine, but this failed. Severe measures were adopted by the officials, and several of those suspected of implication in the plot were put to death, while a larger number were imprisoned *incommunicado* — that is, without privilege of communication with friends or counsel. Among this number were several foreigners who were suspected of designs against the President. Again, in April, 1908, another attack was made upon the President by some of his soldiers and he narrowly escaped death by shooting. The conditions that followed have been described as a "regime of terror" because of the many executions and incarcerations. An official report stated that eighteen men were courtmartialed and sentenced to be shot for participation in this conspiracy.

The worst condemnation, I think, was the attitude of President Cabrera and his ministers toward Mexico when that government

wanted him to give up certain persons for trial on the charge of conspiracy in the murder of ex-President Barillas, which had occurred on Mexican soil. Cabrera absolutely declined to grant this request, and his refusal almost resulted in the breaking off of all diplomatic relations between the two countries, and a conflict between the two governments was for a time imminent. This condition has, however, passed away and cordial relations now exist between the two republics. Furthermore, Cabrera has consistently refrained from becoming involved in the various conflicts that have raged between Nicaragua and its neighbours, and has been an active supporter of the Central American peace conference which was brought about by the influence of the United States.

CHAPTER IX

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES

THE ruins still existing throughout Mexico and Central America teach us that the early races occupying that country prior to the coming of the Spaniards were a religious people. It is true that their ideas of religious truth were crude and not of a very high order, but the element of worship of and responsibility to a superior being existed and found expression in various ways. Their theology had not resulted in so many deities as the more imaginative Greeks and Romans had created for themselves, but they were polytheists and had different gods endowed with different attributes who claimed their devotion. They were originally worshippers of one god, called Taotl, but adopted other gods from those conquered and from surrounding tribes, until they had a fairly respectable number of divinities who claimed their homage.

Quetzalcoatl, one of the two principal gods

of the Aztecs, was originally a Toltec god who was worshipped with offerings of fruits of the soil, and even flowers. And it is claimed that the Toltecs were never, until their intercourse with the Aztecs, given to human sacrifices. It is true, however, that afterwards they did indulge in those horrible practices of offering human beings to their gods, and even indulged in cannibalism. This is the condition that existed when the Spaniards came with the religion of the gentle Nazarene.

The craze of the Crusades led men to believe that the kingdom of Christ could be extended by the sword. Add to this religious motive the love of adventure and military glory, and the passion of avarice, and you have the elements which moved men, and often the vilest of men, to engage in such enterprises as conquering the New World. The pope bestowed the sanction of Heaven upon the Spanish expeditions and gave the King of Spain complete authority over all things temporal and spiritual in the newly-discovered lands; the bodies and souls, the property and services of the conquered nations were to be his inheritance and that of his successors for ever. Thus it was that the pope Alexander VI pretended to hand

over to the Spanish dynasty vast continents and islands which he did not own, and in which he had no right to a foot of the territory or a single human being upon them.

The "Christianization" of the millions of human beings by a mere handful of military adventurers and their few clerical helpers, generally at the point of the sword, is a record such as the world had never before witnessed. A single clergyman baptized in one day five thousand natives and did not desist until he was so exhausted that he could not lift his hands. Another priest wrote that "an ordinary day's work is from ten to twenty thousand souls." In the course of a few years baptism had been administered to millions. It is not surprising that converts adopted with such undue haste, and who were neither instructed in the tenets of the new faith nor taught the absurdities of the old belief, mingled in hopeless confusion their veneration for the ancient superstition and their slender knowledge of the new Christianity. They might be able to make the sign of the cross and yet not know what that symbol meant to humanity. These vague and hazy sentiments were transmitted by the new converts to their posterity and they have

not been thoroughly eradicated after four centuries of the work of Spanish ecclesiastics.

“Christianity, instead of fulfilling its mission of enlightening, converting, and sanctifying the natives, was itself converted. Paganism was baptized, Christianity paganized.” These are the words of a scholarly and conservative writer. Cruelty and avarice marked the policy of the military chiefs, and the priests, with a few exceptions, aided them. “The victors,” says a Jesuit historian, “in one year of merciless massacre, sacrificed more victims to avarice and ambition than the Indians, during the existence of their empire (Mexico), devoted in chaste worship to their native gods. The lands were parcelled out into immense estates, and titles given to their Spanish owners, while the millions of natives were reduced to the condition of serfs. Under such conditions the conquered races began their new life.

The Church soon set itself to the task of acquiring wealth, and with wealth came arrogance and the greed for power which that gives. The sale of masses for the dead and indulgences for the living offered an unlimited opportunity to the unscrupulous clergyman to

raise money. This phase has been well expressed as follows: "When there was high money, there was high mass; low money, low mass; and no money, no mass." Certain masses, according to amount paid, would relieve the souls in purgatory of from one thousand up to thirty-two thousand years of torment. These practices have not entirely disappeared from Spanish-America to this day.

The clergy were "generally native Spaniards, devoted to the interests of the King, the Church, and the Inquisition, passing their lives in criminal indulgence or luxurious repose." Hundreds of priests, monks, and nuns were imposed on Guatemala. The people were heavily taxed for their support and for every office of the Church excessive fees were demanded. Marriage fees were so high that the poor peons could not afford the ceremony and consequently the majority of children born were illegitimate. Some of the priests became very immoral and scandals in the convents were not infrequent. The clericals were not amenable to the civil courts but had a separate tribunal in which every question relating to their own character, their functions, and their property was pleaded and tried. This position

immensely increased the power of the Church in the politics of the state.

I have said that Christianity was paganized and the conditions to-day prove the statement. New ceremonies and symbols were substituted for the old, and the saints took the place of the former idols as a visible object of worship. Religious *fiestas*, of which there are now about two hundred each year, and processions were established to attract and hold the natives to the new worship and in an outward sense they were a success. Many of the religious ceremonies are performed with the most lamentable indifference and want of decorum. Some of the celebrations in the churches in the more remote districts include dances of the most grotesque description, being as near as possible to the old rites of the natives. The priests justify these ceremonies by saying that it is necessary in order to hold them in the church. "The old customs," says one, "are respectable; it is well to preserve them, only taking care that they do not degenerate into orgies."

These same simple natives will attend the churches to-day and kneel before the sacred images while making their prayers, and burn

their candles, and then go and consult their old wizards and follow whatever his instructions may be. The old and the new superstitions are wofully confused in their minds, but they want to be on the safe side by following both. They even burn an incense made of gum opal before the altars in the churches, the same as formerly used in their idol worship. They will sometimes kneel to a blank wall or door post and mutter their prayers, being absolutely oblivious to anything going on around them. The impressive services, the chanting, the solemn music attract the Indian but at heart he is simply an idolater.

The Quiché Tribe of Guatemala, who are the most numerous body of Indians in that country, are descendants of that ancient race of builders who held sway in the Valley of Mexico from the seventh to the twelfth century — the Toltecs. Driven from there by the victorious Aztecs they fled south and early in the sixteenth century were divided into two or three powerful and flourishing kingdoms in northern and northwestern Guatemala. These people are also closely related to the Maya race in Yucatan who have been such a source of trouble to the Mexican government. They

carried with them some of the gods and the horrible practices of their conquerors.

It is estimated that there are some three hundred and fifty thousand of the Quiché tribes now living in Guatemala. They are quite industrious being engaged in agriculture and the weaving of cotton and woollen goods. Although nominal Catholics, yet they follow their own customs of worship. They have their own wizards, who are always old men, and follow a strange mixture of fire and devil worship. These old men, the wizards or priests, are much feared and held in great reverence by the people. It is well known that the Indians have certain concoctions that will produce madness, and it is claimed that these wizards will sometimes give such herbs to the victims of their displeasure. The people at least credit them with such actions and fear is but a natural result.

During the first century and a half of Spanish rule hundreds of churches were built in Guatemala. It became a pious duty for returning Spaniards to bring paintings and statues of saints for these newly-erected churches and holy relics of the saints to place therein. Now most of these sacred edifices are in a very

poorly preserved state. Much of the church property has been confiscated. The wealth thus having been taken away and the natives being poor, the churches have a neglected appearance. Even bats make their abode in some of these structures devoted to the worship of God.

The services are open to all and the Indian with a crate of chickens or turkeys on his back kneels side by side with a *señorita* who has the bluest of blood in her veins. They meet by a common genuflection. There are many old crude organs yet in the churches with the wind supplied by a bellows much the same as that found in a blacksmith shop. And as if this were not enough, native instruments, including a drum made of hides stretched over the hollow trunks of trees, are used, and bombs and rockets are let off to add to the confusion and make a deeper impression on the mind of the poor native.

The most absurd paintings and statues are used to portray sacred characters to the worshippers. In one place God is represented as a man with a bald head and white beard, almost as hideous as some of the eastern idols. Christ is represented both as a shaven monk and with

bent legs, and staples in the ankles to strap him to a mule on Palm Sunday. Another figure of Christ, according to a careful writer, represents him with glass eyes, long human hair and a crown cocked over on his left eye like a drunken man. In the same church is an altar piece with deeply sunken panel containing a realistic crucifix with glass eyes, sweat, long hair, blood drops and from five wounds proceed skeins of crimson thread representing the blood flowing—a horrible and repulsive sight that seems to attract these simple people. On one side of this panel are Roman soldiers mocking the suffering of the Christ; on the other is a Guatemaltecan general in full uniform (the one who presented this gruesome work to the church) weeping at the sight. In a church at Esquipulas is a picture of the people lassoing Christ, and in another is a picture of a priest offering a consecrated wafer to a kneeling ass.

Huge figures, which are really dolls, represent the Virgin and other Marys. *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, Our Lady of Guadalupe, is generally represented as a large doll, all lace and tinsel, and is carried through the streets accompanied by music, flowers and fireworks.

On December 8th is celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On this occasion religious processions are held which march over the principal streets and women dress up as devils and animals and dance before the image of the Virgin in many places. Many rockets are fired and candles are burned in almost every window. Holy week is also filled with processions in which images of the Virgin, Christ and the saints are carried through the streets. The day is a public holiday and candles are burned in almost every window. The most famous shrine is that at Esquipulas, called Our Lord of Esquipulas, and where the statue (if such it can be called) generally known as the Black Christ, is found. This was made in Guatemala City in 1594. The image is less than life size and has long female hair. Formerly as many as fifty thousand pilgrims came there in a year even from far away Mexico and Panama. Money then flowed into this shrine in great abundance, but it is now rather neglected.

It is little wonder that the men of the Creole class very seldom attend the services. Bringing down the Christian worship to such a low level cannot do otherwise than alienate one

who thinks for himself. The majority of the men simply stand by without interfering with the services, but at heart they are atheistic and it is little wonder.

Several Catholic writers have been the most severe critics of the religious conditions in many parts of Spanish America. The cause, in my opinion, has been the mixture of the religious with the political, in which the corruption of the latter lowered the high plane on which religion should stand. Those of the clergy who were ambitious for power cloaked their movements under the guise of religion and thus brought the odium of their political movements upon the Church, which, as an organization, had nothing to do with it. It is impossible, however, to absolutely separate the two in treating of the conditions which have existed in times past and which still exist in some places.

The Roman Church, as a body that has done great good in times past, and is doing great work in other countries such as the United States, owes it as a duty to itself to reform the Church in Mexico, Central and South America, and lift it to the high standard it has reached elsewhere. The priesthood should be improved

and the immoral and unworthy members removed from that office. The fees for the services of the Church should be reduced so that the poor Indians can have the offices of the Church for marriages, burials, confirmations, etc. The Church could also assist greatly in advancing the work of educating the native. I believe that conditions are improving to a great extent and I know that there are scores of hard-working and conscientious priests of the Catholic Church in Guatemala who are honestly endeavouring to inculcate the truths of religion among the natives, and the results are seen in the communities in which they work. To them all praise and honour is due.

Protestantism has scarcely made an impression in Guatemala as yet. The Presbyterian Church maintains missionaries in Guatemala City and Quezaltenango who preach there and occasionally in outlying towns. The Wesleyan Methodist ministers living at Belize hold services at Puerto Barrios at infrequent intervals, and one or two other missionaries are stationed at other points in the republic. The priests are generally hostile, naturally, and very little has been accomplished.

I quote from the Presbyterian missionary

stationed at Quezaltenango in a report made to the home board in 1906:

“ Just a week ago while passing along the street in San Marcos in company with the missionary of that Station we had about eight or nine stones thrown at us, but fortunately none of them struck us. Later many of the better people of the town on hearing of it came to us repudiating such conduct toward the Christians. The church here in Quezaltenango has grown but little in numbers during the past year and there have been many failings among the believers. There is noticeable growth among some that is encouraging enough to cheer the missionary in spite of the falling away of others. The work at Retalhuleu has been given up indefinitely as the Mission force here has not been sufficient to provide a worker there, and until there are more missionaries on the field it would be unwise to attempt to reopen it or start any new work whatever.”

Also from a report by another missionary located at the capital:

“ There is a wide open door for us among the poor people, where there will be no conflict with local physicians and where there will be no intrusion upon the territory of another.

Children and poor people literally die here by the hundred without any proper medical care. The story in this line is simply pathetic, heart-rending. My wife has, with her very limited knowledge, saved the lives of many, and if she had the strength could have done much for many more people, but she has had to give up this work, almost entirely."

There is a broad field, I believe, for missionary work, and the medical missionary will accomplish the best results just as is the case in oriental lands. Good physicians are few and the poor people cannot afford to pay them for their services. A lack of hygiene is prevalent everywhere and the people are ignorant of ordinary sanitary measures which would lessen sickness and suffering in a great degree. A moral awakening is badly needed also and the field is ripe for such a movement either from within the Catholic church or through the evangelizing efforts of Protestant bodies. Institutional churches would, in my opinion, best meet the situation so that the social as well as spiritual side of the people could be brought up to a higher plane. The field is there and it only awaits the workers.

In Guatemala City there is a good opening

for a Young Men's Christian Association. It could accomplish a great work both among the foreigners residing there and the native residents. It could, because of its undenominational character, be made a centre not only for religious work but for the social and intellectual life of the capital in a way that no other institution could fill. I met many Americans in business there who expressed the need of such an institution for the expatriated citizens of foreign countries.

CHAPTER X

PRESENT CONDITIONS AND FUTURE POSSIBILITIES

THE foreigner in Guatemala is absolutely safe, and travelling in that country is as free from danger as in our own land. Sensational rumours sometimes appear in American newspapers about the imprisonment of American subjects, but, if the reports are true, the persons arrested no doubt deserve punishment, for meddlers and persons seeking to escape punishment for wrong-doing in other lands frequently seek an asylum in the Central American republics. Were they innocent our own officials would be called upon to right the injustice, and this government has not deemed it necessary to interfere. The country is practically free from robbers and it is absolutely unnecessary for the traveller to make of himself a walking arsenal before visiting Guatemala. The natives are harmless and trustworthy. One can intrust thousands of dollars with a cargador to be carried across the country, and, if he is

informed that he will be held responsible for his charge, the native will accomplish his mission or die in the attempt. This trait of fealty to trust is a striking characteristic of the native character.

The cause of education has been promoted very much in recent years and schools have been established in many of the villages. The " Festival of Minerva " was instituted as an annual commemoration in the interest of education. It was thought that a popular celebration would draw the attention of the people to the value of education and would stimulate the desire for greater learning. To a certain extent it has succeeded, and there is no doubt that a larger percentage of people can read and write to-day than was the case a decade ago. At least limited facilities for primary education exist in most of the villages, but the schools are entirely inadequate to accommodate those of school age. Education is compulsory in theory, but practically voluntary in practice, because of the non-enforcement of the laws. The appropriations are wholly inadequate for efficient results.

There are six papers published in the capital. " The Diario Oficial " is a government organ.

Then the other more important publications are the "Diario de Centro-America," "La Republica" and "La Nacion." In all there are about thirty papers published in the entire republic. All of these newspapers are subject to strict government supervision and censure. Any mention whatever of a revolutionary movement would bring severe punishment upon the head of the offending editor. It is even forbidden to give an account of murders and assaults that take place. It is easy to see that an editor's position is not an easy one, for his range of news is limited and an overslip might lead to confiscation and imprisonment.

The fluctuating value of the currency of the country is an unfortunate condition. There is absolutely no silver or gold money in circulation. A customs examination of my baggage upon leaving the country caused me to inquire the purpose of it. The reply was that the law forbids the taking of silver out of the country. As I had not seen a silver coin in circulation this explanation made the examination seem like a jest. Paper certificates issued by the banks, together with minor coins of alloy, constitute the sole currency. The value of these dollars fluctuates from six to eight cents on a

gold basis. This is rather to the advantage of the investor, however, as he pays for all native supplies and labour in the depreciated currency of the country and sells all his productions at gold values. The wages of unskilled labourers are very low, averaging from one to two and a half dollars in paper per day, or from eight to twenty-five cents per day. The best results are obtained by assigning a task to the peon. He will perform the allotted task, but extra pay is no inducement for him to work overtime. The only consideration that will move him to do extra work is the promise that the overtime will be credited on another day in order to give him an extra holiday.

The foreign trade of Guatemala slowly increases each year. The last year for which statistics are available, 1907, show total exports amounting to \$10,174,486 and imports of \$7,316,574. Of the exports, the bulk of which is coffee, Germany is the largest consumer, taking 53.79 per cent. of the total, while the United States uses only 21.6 per cent. In the matter of imports the proportion is different and the United States has a fair proportion of the trade. Of the total imports the United States furnished 58.1 per cent., and its nearest

competitor is England with about 22 per cent. to her credit. Spain, the mother country, brings up the rear with less than two per cent. of the whole. The value of the goods imported from the United States for 1905 was only \$1,442,000, and those sent in return \$2,292,000, showing a considerable balance of trade in favour of Guatemala. The chief imports from the United States consist of foodstuffs, hardware, railroad supplies and cotton goods. Germany has the lead in machinery, and England provides by far the most of the cotton manufactures, furnishing at least three-fourths of the entire imports of that line of goods.

Guatemala, because of its nearness to our seaports, ought to be an unusually good market for the United States. With the opening of the new railroad to the Gulf, the Capital, which is the chief distributing point, is placed within such easy communication of our southern ports, such as Galveston, New Orleans and Mobile, that Europe can not successfully compete if all other conditions are made satisfactory. American concerns ought to furnish practically all the manufactured articles needed by Guatemala, and can do so if the business is properly looked after.

Upon this subject a recent consular report says: "If this field is properly worked and sufficiently long credit is given, practically nothing but American goods need be found in the markets of Guatemala, for they are generally conceded to be the best. The market is worth cultivating, for the next few years will see great development here. Everything points that way, and the national resources are great. Packages should be very firmly nailed and bound by band iron, so that they would be difficult to open, as there is much complaint about goods being stolen from boxes in transit. It will pay exporters to pack well everything they ship. Dollars spent in this line will bring hundreds in profits."

Another report says: "It must be borne in mind that the importers of this republic are for the greater part Germans, and their interest and inclination lead them to trade with the fatherland. England also is preferred over the United States, possibly because Guatemala merchants can more easily identify themselves in England, and get better credits. American goods therefore are imported only when their quality places them so far ahead of the European article that the merchant is almost com-

pelled to have them in stock. The American manufacturers should become better acquainted with this trade, ascertain who are worthy of credit, and extend it. The long voyage and delay *en route* compel the importers to ask long credits. It is sometimes two or three months after shipments destined for this city leave the manufacturer, before they can be displayed in the store of the importer. The custom duty on about all cotton goods is collected on gross weight of the package. Great care should be taken with invoices for custom-house purposes; the goods must be described in exact phraseology of Guatemala custom tariff."

A credit of nine months is generally asked, and this is readily granted by European merchants, but Americans usually demur at this long credit and trade is lost. Furthermore, American salesmen seldom understand the Latin nature or even the language, and endeavour to hurry sales. They want to get away by the next train or steamer, while a European drummer will cultivate his trade leisurely. In the end the sales are large enough to justify his methods and very little is lost by failures if reasonable precaution is exercised.

The conquest of what have heretofore been

regarded as the unhealthful and disagreeable features of the lowlands of the tropics is now at hand. Those localities where yellow fever has prevailed and that troublesome mosquito, the *stegomyia fasciata*, has heretofore held sway, will soon come into their own. The transformation that has taken place at Panama, Colon and Havana will be repeated along the whole Caribbean Shore and great and prosperous ports will take the place of the little towns which are now found. When modern methods of drainage and sanitation, sewerage, and water supply have been installed, those coasts will be the site of prosperous cities almost as desirable as those more distant from the equator.

The possibilities of life in the tropics are so favourable that an almost unlimited population can be supported. The island of Java, with an area scarcely as large as Guatemala, supports a population of twenty millions of people. Bangkok, the capital of Siam, located at sea level, about the same distance from the equator as Guatemala, is a city of wealth and good sanitary conditions and has a population of about four hundred thousand. These comparisons might be made in great numbers, all

tending to show what capabilities of development now lie inert right at our very doors.

The Spanish-Americans have a great many good qualities which we have heretofore failed to appreciate. Americans are too much inclined to thoughtlessly criticize everything and everybody that is not as we would have it. The world would be a prosaic world indeed if all nations were alike, just as it would be if all individuals were cast in the same mould. Environment and heredity have given them different characteristics which will always prevail. We should look upon our Latin neighbours with more sympathy and aid them wherever possible, for Americans themselves, though an especially favoured people, are not perfect. The Spanish-Americans have an innate courtesy which is sadly deficient in our own land, and they admire Americans, but they resent that superior, not-as-good-as-I attitude adopted by so many of our people.

We assume to exercise a guardianship over the Latin-American republics. Whether the Monroe Doctrine is a good thing for those countries or not depends upon ourselves. It can be made a good measure or it may become a curse. European domination would be better

than political chaos, and the Latin-Americans resent the Monroe Doctrine. It is advisable for us to study our wards. It behooves all classes, professional and business, to realize the importance of Latin America, which comprises three-fourths of the two Americas, and study her economic and political needs. In that way any barrier that may still exist will be broken down. Seventy millions of people are found among those nations and such an aggregation of people are worthy our interest and friendship.

“*Mañana*” and “*no es costumbre*” are expressions that explain two of the elements in the Spanish American character which account for his non-progressiveness. The first is the “to-morrow” spirit—the desire to put everything off until the future. It is almost impossible to get him to do anything promptly, but it is delayed from day to day in the blandest way imaginable. It can well be called the land of “to-morrow” and “wait-a-while.” The other expression means “it is not the custom” and illustrates the adherence to usage which is so prevalent. If you attempt to do anything in a different way, and even a better way, he is not interested because it has not been the custom to do it that way with his fore-

fathers. He meets your argument with the terse expression "*no es costumbre*" and the matter is dismissed. It is for this reason that a crooked stick with an iron point is still used in plowing, for that has been the unchanging method since "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as Blackstone, the great law giver, would say. This habit makes the Guatemalan slow to adopt new devices, even though they might be a convenience and labour-saving. He is satisfied until his neighbours adopt it, and then his pride is aroused and he will begin to use the articles or adopt the new methods himself.

Guatemala will never be a manufacturing country unless coal is found in greater abundance than has yet been done. Even the fuel used in locomotives is imported, and it becomes very expensive because of long and difficult transportation. Some waterfalls exist which might be utilized to develop electric power. This would be a profitable undertaking at this time as some small factories for domestic needs always exist, and electric energy for light and electric street railway system is needed. The only factories that are now found are for the manufacture of coarse textiles, hats, pottery,

foundry products and the necessary railway repairs. Pottery ware in the average home is used for flour barrels, cisterns, stoves, baths, stew-pans, coffee-pots, dishes, lamps, floors, etc. The looms in use are of the very crudest pattern, being simply two harnesses worked by the foot of the weaver, and the bobbins are wound on bamboo sticks which are shoved in and out through the web.

The mineral riches have been practically unexploited. The mining archives of the old colonial government show that during the three centuries of Spanish occupancy more than thirteen hundred mines of gold, silver, lead, copper, tin and iron were successfully worked and were a source of great revenue to both church and state, and that enormous quantities of gold and silver were taken from those mines. From one group of mines the records prove that nearly fifty millions of dollars in silver were coined besides large amounts that were shipped to Europe in bullion. From 1627 to 1820 more than thirteen hundred mines of valuable metals were discovered and worked under the Spanish domination, for that government kept an elaborate and accurate record of the mines of the precious metals.

On the banks of the Montagua River a few gold mines are being worked. Judging from the few American miners I met, not all of them, at least, are getting rich out of the precious metal. Guatemala is not as highly a mineralized section as Mexico. Little scientific prospecting or exploiting has been done as yet. In Honduras several valuable gold mines are being worked, and Guatemala, sandwiched in between that country and Mexico, must contain some gold. Silver mines are being worked profitably in some parts of the country, and very rich veins of argentiferous lead have been located. Lead, tin, copper, antimony, marble of superior quality, sulphur, asbestos and alabaster have been discovered, and coal in small veins. Mining experts have reported extensive veins of all those metals, but little has been done since the establishment of the republic in working them. These mines will offer great inducements as soon as the transportation facilities are improved and new cyanide mills constructed for the thorough and economical working of the raw ores. The very isolation of the mines and difficulty of establishing communication have heretofore prevented the working of the veins already known.



DUGOUT CANOE ON THE MONTAGUA RIVER.

The small quantity of coal is a serious detriment to the development of manufactures, for fuel becomes an expensive item in manufacture. There are a number of waterfalls, however, which might easily be used for the generation of electric power for manufactures and railroads. This field remains entirely undeveloped at the present time, but it is certainly worth investigation.

Railroads are now needed more than anything else. Only four hundred miles of railroad in a state nearly as large as Illinois illustrates the difficulty of communication. For instance, the distance from Guatemala City to Totonicapan, a city of twenty-five thousand people, is only one hundred miles, yet it requires almost as long to travel this distance as it does to go from New York to San Francisco on one of our express trains. A mule path is the only road, and the average traveller will not make it in less than four days. Five hundred or a thousand miles of new railway lines would do far more to develop the country than anything else, for the telegraph and telephone would follow the iron rails. At present there are about three thousand miles of telegraph and a few hundred miles of telephone wires

that spread over the country. These improvements would also go far toward establishing peaceful conditions, for they would enable the central government to learn promptly of any disaffection, and hurry troops there before the movement could become at all formidable.

Guatemala is a land of possibilities. Everything that can be raised in the temperate and tropical zones will grow here. If irrigation is provided in the *tierra templada* there need be no unproductive season for the warm air and bright sun will propagate the seeds that are sown at any time of the year. Two crops of wheat and three crops of corn will reward the industry of the planter. Fertilizers are unnecessary, for the heavy rains of the rainy season wash down the rich soils from the sides of the mountains and fertilize the plains. The great secret is therefore for the agriculturist to adapt his cultivation to the nature of the climate and soil and his success is assured. Greater success will be realized on plantations where a colony of peon labourers is maintained, however, because otherwise it is difficult to secure labour when needed, and the farmer can not expect to do as much with his own hands as in a cooler climate.

Continued peace, stability of government, construction of more railways and the investment of foreign capital are the four essential needs for the growth and prosperity of Guatemala. No one can travel through that republic, or the neighbouring one of Honduras, and note their nearness to the great markets of the world, variety of climate, wealth of natural resources and vast areas suited to profitable agriculture and not be deeply impressed.

Stability of government will come, I believe, very soon. The Spanish-American character is developing. The prosperity of Mexico and railway connections with that country will have a far greater influence in bringing about that result than any one other condition. The peace conference held at Washington in 1907, composed of prominent representatives of all the Central American republics, was a notable event, and will have a far-reaching effect in bringing about permanent peace among those turbulent states. The meetings were characterized by an earnestness of desire and seriousness of intention that were pleasing to one interested in the welfare of those countries. Already many millions of foreign capital, including about eight millions of American gold, are

invested in Guatemala, and the aggregate is increasing each year. Tourists and commercial salesmen are going there in greater numbers, and each one comes back enthusiastic over the possibilities of development of that country.

Guatemala is the most important of the Central American republics and is the nearest to the United States in geographical situation. It is a short journey for the traveller in search of new and novel sights, and should not be overlooked by the merchant or manufacturer on the lookout for new fields of conquest. The near-west is just as good a field as the far-east and the exertion is less. The land is yet virgin, for the wants of the people have not been developed. The leaven is working, however, and the transition period is near at hand. It began in Mexico and is slowly working its way downward toward Panama. Its progress can be hastened by judicious and studied effort. It is not a thankless or profitless task, for the returns will compensate for the effort expended.

CHAPTER XI

BRITISH HONDURAS

It was with romantic feelings that I sailed along the coast of British Honduras, past the numerous little coral reefs, called cays, and into the beautiful harbour of Belize. For many years these shores were the rendezvous of organized bands of pirates, who practically ruled the Caribbean seas during a good part of the seventeenth century. Each wooded island and cay has its legend of buried treasure, but no one has ever been able to locate a single "caché," although expeditions in search of this fabled treasure-trove are still organized and as often fail. Each new leader feels that he has discovered the true key to this hidden wealth, and comes to these shores armed with "magnetic needles" or "divining rods," which will be sure to point out the exact location of the buried gold.

The pirates who sailed the Caribbean waters

were of many nationalities, Dutch, French, Spanish and British. An old Scotch buccaneer, named Peter Wallace, with eighty companions, was the first to enter the port of Belize, which name was originally given to the whole settlement. These men immediately erected houses at that place enclosed by rude palisades for defence. From here they set out on their expeditions after stray merchantmen. It was not long, however, before the shrewd Scotchman discovered that there was more and surer money in marketing the native woods than in the uncertain and dangerous occupation of robbing ships. Logwood at that time was in such demand for the manufacture of dyes that it sometimes brought as much as one hundred dollars a ton, and is now worth not one-tenth of that price because of the cheaper chemical dyes. So prosperous had this colony become by 1733 that Yucatan sent troops and attempted to drive away the colonists by force.

England had at one time laid claim to the "mosquito coast," which is now a part of the Republics of Honduras and Nicaragua, and which was at that time nothing but a howling wilderness occupied by a hybrid race of negroes and Indians, called "Zambos," who were



A POLICEMAN OF BELIZE.

ruled by a hereditary king. When difficulties arose with Spain England waived all her rights to that shore in return for the sovereignty of Belize, which since that time has been known as British Honduras. Spain afterwards repented of her bargain and sent a formidable (?) fleet in 1798 to capture the place which was ignominiously defeated in the "Battle of St. George's Caye," which is much celebrated locally. The United States and Great Britain entered into the treaty known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty in 1850, which provided that neither country should occupy, fortify, colonize, or exercise dominion over any portion of Central American territory, except Belize, or make use of a protectorate in any form.

British Honduras forms a slice of land off the northeast coast of Guatemala and lying between that country and Yucatan. Its greatest length is one hundred and seventy-four miles and its greatest width sixty-eight miles, and, with the adjacent cays, contains an area of about seven thousand five hundred and sixty-two square miles. On the coast it is swampy and covered with dense tropical vegetation, but the interior is composed of ridges which reach the dignity of good-sized hills. There are a

number of little villages along the coast from which bananas and other tropical fruits are shipped, and in the interior are the settlements of the logwood and mahogany workers, but none of the places pass beyond the dignity of villages. The total population is in the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand, of which negroes predominate, and the whites are only a small percentage.

Belize, the principal town, and capital, is the largest and most important town on the Caribbean coast of Central America. As our steamer wended its way through the cays and low green islands, the long line of white buildings setting amidst rows of royal palms, with here and there a clump of cocoanut trees, made a picturesque and beautiful sight. As we came to anchor a mile from shore a number of fleet sail-boats manned by coal-black negroes came out to meet us and take the passengers ashore. I afterwards learned that this place is the negro's paradise, for they have absolute social and political equality. They are the soldiers and policemen, and fill nearly all the other important positions except governmental. These places at least are reserved for the members of the small white colony.



ENGLISH HOMES AT BELIZE.

It has been said that the Englishman always carries his atmosphere with him no matter in what latitude it might be. I have visited several British colonies and have always found that true, and nowhere is it more impressed on you than here at Belize. It is such a contrast from the Spanish-American towns that the change is almost startling. Although there are perhaps not more than two or three hundred Englishmen there, you will see all the characteristic of that race in their native land. There are of course always a few concessions made in order to conform to local conditions but, as a rule, they are not many in number.

As one writer says of his visit: " We were not at all surprised to find that the black native police wore the familiar blue-and-white striped cuff of the London bobby, the district attorney a mortar-board cap and gown, and the colonial bishop gaiters and an apron. It was quite in keeping, also, that the advertisements on the boardings should announce, and give equal prominence to, a Sunday-school treat and boxing match, and that officers of a man-of-war should be playing cricket with a local eleven under a tropical sun, and that the chairs in the Council room and Government House should

be of heavy leather stamped V. R. with a crown above the initials. An American official in as hot a climate, being more adaptable, would have had bamboo chairs with large, open-work backs, or would have supplied the council with rocking-chairs."

The Governor's House is a large building set in a little grove of royal and cocoanut palms and with a fine view of the blue waters of the bay. The background of blue sea is filled with the dories of the Caribs, which are merely huge logs hollowed out and rigged sloop-fashion with white sails, or sails that had once been white. Several cannon are set up in the yard and a number of dusky-hued natives in the uniform of a British soldier pace back and forth in the hot sun — this giving a semblance of the power of the British lion.

The city of Belize contains a population of about eight thousand souls, and a very cosmopolitan population it is with its negroes, British, Americans, Spaniards, Mexicans, etc., etc. The city itself is generally clean and tidy, but not so picturesque as the Spanish towns. The Belize River divides the town, and over it there is one bridge. Across this bridge passes in review the entire life of the town like the fa-

mous Rialto bridge at Venice. The houses are generally three stories in height and painted white. Cistern water is used exclusively for domestic purposes, and immense cisterns twenty to thirty-five feet high and greater in circumference are a common sight. The water is rendered delightfully cool by porous earthen jars which are placed in a draught of air, and the water is thus cooled by the rapid evaporation of this climate. Around the houses are flowers in endless variety, of which the most conspicuous are the oleander trees which frequently reach a height of twelve feet, and whose beautiful white blossoms contrast so strongly with the dark green foliage of other trees such as the mango.

The market is a most interesting place for an American. The stalls are generally presided over by negro women or Carib men who have brought their produce in a dory. Every kind of tropical fruit can be purchased at a low price, from the delicious mango to a peculiar fruit that very much resembles ice cream in appearance, though not in temperature. Many of these tropical fruits are delicious and would be popular in our northern markets, but they are too delicate for transportation, so that

it is very doubtful whether they will ever be found for sale so far from their natural habitat. In the flower department one can find many kinds of beautiful blossoms, and at prices so cheap that it is almost a sin not to buy them. The traveller will find many flowers with which he is familiar mingled with new varieties whose appearance is no less beautiful because of their strangeness. He will find times and seasons much confused in the assortment of carnations, marigolds, sweet peas, poppies, gladioles, dahlias, roses, fuchsias, lilies and mignonettes which meet his astonished gaze. Then there are many beautiful orchids over which many people fairly rave. Pigs of the razor back variety and with a porcupine-like coat of hair are for sale, being held by the owner with a string attached to a hind leg. Here every one comes for their table supplies of vegetables and fruits, and at times it is a very animated place.

Belize is a delightful place to be during the months from December to March. While people in Northern latitudes are bundling themselves up as a protection against the chilly blasts of old Boreas, the populace of Belize are enjoying pleasant summer weather and wear-



A STREET IN BELIZE.

ing their warm-weather clothes. At night the trade winds which nearly always blow across this bay lower the temperature so that refreshing sleep can be obtained. It is healthful and there is no more fever than at our own Gulf ports, and yellow fever very seldom gets any foothold whatever, even though the town is only a few feet above the level of the sea. The most disagreeable occasions are when the "Northers" sweep across the Gulf with indescribable velocity and lash the waves with great fury. Then the inhabitant on shore may congratulate himself that he is not at the mercy of old father Neptune.

British Honduras has few modern improvements. There is not a railway in the land, and even the cart roads are only passably good. It contains within its borders possibilities of development that are hardly believable to one who has not seen these incredibly rich tropical lands. Although considered small, it is several times as large as our smallest states, and its agricultural possibilities far exceed those commonwealths. Its nearness to markets makes it especially attractive, and its stable government renders investments absolutely safe. At present its chief distinction is its logwood in-

dustry, of which Belize is in the lead, and the mahogany which is floated here in rafts from its own borders and the neighbouring forests of Guatemala and the State of Campeche, Mexico.

The Belize River with its tributary streams leads back into the great tropical forests of Peten where mahogany is abundant. Much of the mahogany lands are in the hands of large owners or companies who have the business thoroughly organized, although large tracts still belong to public lands, where concessions can be secured for cutting the valuable export woods. The timber is roughly squared and then floated down the streams during the rainy season, and most of it finds its way to Belize, where it is put in shape for the market. The mahogany grows rapidly, and it is said that in thirty years a tree will grow from a shoot and furnish logs of large size. This city is also a great market for the chicle gum, which is obtained in the neighbouring forests and shipped to the United States to be used in the manufacture of chewing gum, for which more money is spent by the great family of Uncle Sam than is sent to all the foreign missions of the world by the same nation.

CHAPTER XII

REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS

THE Republic of Honduras is situated immediately east of Guatemala and has a frontier line of perhaps two hundred miles next to that republic. On the Caribbean Sea its coast line from Guatemala to Cape Gracias-a-Dios (thanks to God) measures about four hundred miles. The true boundary line between Honduras and Nicaragua has caused much confusion and misunderstanding in the past, and it is hardly well defined yet, although several commissions have been appointed by the two governments and made their reports. It has but a small coast line on the Pacific in the Bay of Fonseca.

There are many rivers which rise in the interior and wend their way toward the ocean. The principal rivers flow northward and empty their waters into the Gulf of Mexico. Of these the largest is the Ulua, which drains a large expanse of territory and discharges a greater

amount of water into the sea than any other river of Central America. It is navigable for a distance of a hundred and twenty-five miles for light-draft vessels, and regular service is now maintained on it by a small combined freight and passenger steamer operated by an American company. It opens up a rich agricultural district to commerce. The Aguan, Negro, Patuca and Coco, or Segovia, rivers are also considerable streams which are navigated by the natives. The Lake of Yohoa, the only lake of any note, is about twenty-five miles long and from three to eight miles broad.

Cortez reported to his sovereign that Honduras was a "land covered with awfully miry swamps. I can assure your majesty that even on the tops of the hills our horses, led as they were by hand, and without their riders, sank to their girths in the mire." The great conqueror doubtless landed during the rainy season, when the rains are literally "downpours" and the rivers become torrents. At that season the mud does seem to be almost without bottom, and the immense areas of mangrove-tree swamps which cover the mud flats in the immediate vicinity of the mainland made the finding of a good landing-place a difficult matter.

Although he found the natives tractable and the country was easily subdued, yet he could not control nature, which here exhibits herself in her wildest and most terrible aspects. He named his landing-place Puerto Caballos, because he lost a number of horses, but it has since been named in his own honour.

Honduras is not all swamp, for this condition only exists along the coast of the Atlantic and Pacific and for a distance varying from only a few miles to fifty miles inland. Then the land begins to rise, gradually spreading out into plains and plateaus, until the mountainous region is reached with its many volcanic peaks which lift their graceful heads above the clouds. The same general mountain system that has been described in Guatemala enters Honduras, and with many breaks takes a general southeasterly course through the republic to Nicaragua. The mean altitude is not nearly so high as in Guatemala, nor are there so many lofty peaks, but there can be found almost every possible variety of climate, soil and production.

Nature has been prodigal in her gifts to this republic, and nowhere upon the whole earth can greater returns be realized with a mini-

mun of effort. It seems that all Nature is awaiting with welcoming arms the farmer, the rancher and the fruit-grower, for there is very little of the land that is not susceptible of some sort of profitable development. Nowhere on earth are there more fertile valleys, more genial suns, softer breezes, or fairer skies. And yet with all these natural advantages, and with all this inducement to labour and development, there is no place on this great globe where nature's gifts are so poorly utilized or so little appreciated, and to-day Honduras is the least advanced of all the Central American republics.

It is as difficult and almost as long a journey from New York to reach the capital of Honduras as the capital of Persia, which seems so far away, while Central America is so near. One must go by steamer to Colon, across the Isthmus of Panama by rail, then a several days' journey on the Pacific to Amapala, and lastly a three or four days' journey by mule to Tegucigalpa; or, he can take the steamer to Puerto Cortez, railroad to San Pedro Sula, and an eight or ten days' journey over the mountains on the long-eared, but short-legged, nondescript quadrupeds above named. There are no accommodations or comforts along the



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THE HONDURAS NAVY, THE *TATUMBLA*.

way and, on arriving at the capital, one is obliged many times to depend on the good will of citizens for a decent stopping-place as the hotel is not a very desirable hostelry.

The harbour of Puerto Cortez, in the north-western corner of the republic, is large, commodious and safe. As our boat steamed through the blue waters of the bay, the town set in among clumps of cocoanut palms following the sweep of the shore, and with its background of mountains, made a beautiful picture that lingers in the memory. We passed by the Honduras navy resting at anchor. It consisted of a single vessel, the *Tatumbula*, which made a great show of strength with its two little guns which have seen little more warlike service than to fire a salute when a foreign man-of-war has appeared in the harbour. Formerly it was the private yacht of an American, then saw service in the Spanish-American war, after which it was sold to Honduras.

Puerto Cortez is the principal Gulf port of the country and is a fair-sized town of twelve hundred or more. There are a few frame and corrugated-iron buildings which house the railroad office, custom house, steamship freight house, *commandancia*, and offices of the United

Fruit Company, generally known as the banana trust. A few frame houses are the homes of the various consular agents stationed at this port. The native quarters are made up of a row of mud and thatch huts facing the bay and almost hidden by the foliage of the palms which overtower them. A syndicate is now at work filling up the lowlands and converting it into a modern seaport by the aid of steam shovels and a good force of workmen.

Puerto Cortez is very subject to yellow fever and is often quarantined for months at a time in the summer. I had one letter from a business man written in July in which he stated that they had been quarantined since May 22nd and that it would probably last until about the first of October. This condition seriously interferes with business, for visitors cannot come in and the planters all flee to the higher lands for safety. Anyone desiring to visit the country should do so from October to March when there is no danger of quarantine delay, and during the dry season travelling is much pleasanter. Some day, perhaps, the government may learn a lesson from Havana and Panama and introduce modern sanitation, and thus destroy the breeding places of the troublesome



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PUERTO CORTEZ.

stegomya fasciata, the yellow-fever mosquito, which is at present the bane of the country.

The most pretentious building in the town is a large two-storied building surrounded by verandas, looking like an old colonial home. In the yard were two flag-poles, on one of which was the stars and stripes and on the other the blue and white flag of Honduras. A closer inspection showed that it was the home of the exiled Louisiana State Lottery, now known as the Honduras National Lottery. After being driven from the United States by the action of the Postmaster General, and later by the State government of Louisiana, that State having refused a renewal of its franchise, this insidious monster, which at one time absorbed profits of many millions of dollars annually from the people, and supported its officers in luxury, was obliged to seek a new domicile. Mexico refused it a charter and even poverty-stricken Colombia and liberal Nicaragua denied it a home. Honduras, however, gave it a local habitation and a name upon the promise to pay an annual license fee of twenty thousand dollars and twenty per cent of its gross receipts. So here it was housed in a great building, and here once each month a drawing took

place to see which one of the many foolish persons investing their money was the successful gambler. There is not a Spanish-American country, however, which does not charter some one or more public lotteries, generally to raise money for charitable purposes, and in almost all of these the vendor of lottery tickets is a familiar sight on the streets.

From Puerto Cortez a railway runs about sixty miles inland to Pimienta. The principal town on this transcontinental line, however, is San Pedro Sula, about thirty-eight miles from that port. The train runs every other day at irregular intervals, and is made up of some poor coaches, a poor engine, and banana freight cars something like the open cars for the transportation of live stock. The track at that time was in harmony with the equipment. This line was built by an English company which took the contract for constructing the line from coast to coast, passing through the capital. The company was to do the work on a percentage basis and the government to foot the bills. The construction company worked in so many extras and padded the bills so that the government was obligated for twenty-seven millions of dollars by the time the road reached San

Pedro Sula, or nearly three-quarters of a million dollars per mile of actual track. By this time the government was bankrupted and construction work stopped. Most of the bonds issued have never been paid and a great part have been repudiated, although they are still the subject of international dispute.

The road passes through a fine stretch of tropical swamp and jungle. Sometimes there are veritable tunnels of palms which reach within a few feet of the track. Beyond there is an impenetrable net-work of vines, creepers, ferns, and trees covered with all kinds of orchids. For many miles the road passes through banana fields, or forests, they might be called, for these tropical plants grow fifteen or twenty feet high in this rich soil. It requires almost four hours to cover the distance between the two towns, but the entire run was fortunately made without an accident.

San Pedro Sula lies in a beautiful broad valley sixty miles long and from five to thirty miles in width, which is known as the plain of Sula. It is drained by several rivers, is comparatively low and level, and is one of the richest districts in the entire republic. In spite of its low altitude it is remarkably salubrious,

which is due to the constant winds. Banana fields surround it on all sides except one where it nestles close to an imposing mountain. It is the most modern town in Honduras and contains many good frame buildings. There are also a couple of fairly good hotels in this city conducted by Americans, so that an American can stop here under pretty favourable conditions so far as physical comfort is concerned. A number of streams of clear water run through the town which add to its attractiveness and cleanliness. There is, of course, a native quarter much similar to other towns, but the foreign influence has had a good effect even among them.

While in San Pedro an American "gentleman of colour" and a Jamaican negro got into an altercation and the latter was terribly cut by the other, for of course the weapons used were knives. The latter, although seriously cut and unable to walk, was arrested, and the former was tied with ropes and conducted to the jail. It is an almost invariable rule that both parties to an affray are arrested and thrust into prison. They are there held "*incommunicado*." This means to be incarcerated seventy-two hours in solitary confinement,

without bail, at the end of which time a judicial examination is given. Their theory is that after a man has been kept in solitude for three days with only his own thoughts for company, he is more likely to tell the truth than if he had been in communication with his lawyers, friends and reporters all that time. Witnesses are sometimes held in the same way, so that it is advisable for a stranger to keep away from scenes of trouble or, if it arises in his vicinity, to get out of that neighbourhood as soon as possible.

The railroad runs inland a few miles farther, but San Pedro Sula is generally made the starting point for the capital for it is easier to secure good mules and *mozos* at this point. It is necessary not only to have those but a certain amount of *impedimenta* in the shape of hammocks, blankets, etc. must be carried along, and it is even advisable to carry such provisions as will not be affected by the climate. The trail to the capital, Tegucigalpa, is nothing but a mule path, narrow and winding, and for the average traveller it is an eight days' journey. The road passes through forests which comprise an enchanted wilderness where the white-faced monkeys peer at you from the branches of the

trees and gaily-plumed parrots screech as they fly overhead; again it winds among the mountains on a narrow ledge which causes the uninitiated traveller to hold his breath when he gazes at the chasm below; at other times it follows the bed of streams which, during the rainy season, are raging torrents.

There are no hotels and few public inns on the route. It is generally necessary to stop with the natives in the villages, or the public *cabildo*, which is always at the service of the wayfarer. Hammocks are used for sleeping on account of the insects. As one writer has put this superabundance of insects: — “ There will be sometimes as many as a hundred insects under one leaf; and after they have once laid their claws upon you, your life is a mockery, and you feel at night as though you were sleeping in a bed of red pepper.”

Richard Harding Davis has given us an amusing account of his experience one night as follows: “ I took an account of the stock before I turned in, and found there were three dogs, eleven cats, seven children, five men, not including five of us, three women, and a dozen chickens, all sleeping, or trying to sleep, in the same room and under the one roof. And when

I gave up attempting to sleep and wandered out into the night, I stepped on the pigs, and startled three or four calves that had been sleeping under the porch and that lunged up out of the darkness."

The only town of any importance that is passed is Comayagua. This was the former capital and at one time the largest city in the country. This city was selected under direct orders of Cortez who directed one of his lieutenants to lay out a capital midway between the two oceans. If a straight line should be drawn across the country, Comayagua would be in the exact centre. Its one time thirty thousand inhabitants are now reduced to seven thousand who sleep and dream away life in the warm sunlight and surrounded by groves of orange trees. It is a dull and desolate place of one-storied buildings and contains a half dozen or more old churches, some of them with roofless walls overgrown with moss and vines that stand as a silent reminder of the religious fervour of the earlier days. There is a fine old cathedral which stands as a good example of the Spanish-Moorish architecture so prevalent in every land colonized by the Spaniards. This, the second city in the republic, is situated in a

broad fertile valley which stretches away for miles, while dim, cloud-crowned mountains surround it like grim sentinels. The elevation is less than two thousand feet. It has gradually lost its former prestige since the seat of government was removed to its rival.

Tegucigalpa, the capital since 1880, is situated on a bare, dreary plain and is surrounded by several abrupt hills which guard the sleeping city. It is a city of twelve thousand inhabitants and is a typical Spanish-American town with all the characteristics which have heretofore been described. The houses are usually painted pink, blue, yellow, green, white or some other pronounced colour. The public buildings are not pretentious, although it contains the administration buildings, hospitals, colleges, etc. A clock on the cathedral tower marks the time of which the inhabitants have a supply more than equal to the demand. The town is divided by a small stream which is the public laundry, and this is the only industry that is always running, for women may be seen here from early morning until late at night rubbing and pounding their clothes to a snowy whiteness. Although the hills contained enough water to supply the city in abundance no effort

was made until a few years ago to utilize it, and all the water used was carried into the city in jars from the river upon the heads of the women. A reservoir has been constructed in the mountains a few miles away from which water is now brought to the city by a pipe line so that the city is well supplied with this necessity.

Tegucigalpa was founded in 1579 and soon grew to be as large a town as it now is. For venerable antiquity Americans must doff their hats to this old city. While Chicago was yet the site of Indian wigwams and long before our great Eastern metropolis was more than a small town, Tegucigalpa was a noted city. The name of the town comes from two native words — *Teguz*, meaning a hill, and *Galpa*, meaning silver; thus it means the “city on the silver hill.” A half-century ago it was perhaps a larger town than it is to-day. There are several public squares of considerable beauty. In Morazan Park, the principal square, there is a fine equestrian statue of General Morazan, the liberator of Central America. For a wonder in a Spanish town there is neither a theatre nor a club, so that the cafés furnish the only social centres.

Although hard to believe from its somnolent character, yet Tegucigalpa has been the scene of stirring events and has been a hotbed of revolutions. Only a few years ago Tegucigalpa was besieged for six months, and many buildings show the mark of bullets fired by the revolutionists. In this city the execution of revolutionists has frequently taken place along the walls of one of the churches, and there is a row of bullet holes in the wall just about the height of a man's chest. A revolutionist meets death bravely and stoically as though he looked forward to that end with pleasure. He is often compelled to dig his own grave which he does with equanimity. He takes the gambler's chance in a revolution. Success may take him into the presidential chair and failure will probably place him before a squad of soldiers with guns aimed at his heart.

Richard Harding Davis in "Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America" gives the following instance of the varying fortunes of revolutionists: "I saw an open grave by the roadside which had been dug by the man who was to have occupied it. The man who dug this particular grave had been captured, with two companions, while they were hastening to re-

join their friends of the government party. His companions in misery were faint-hearted creatures, and thought it mattered but little, so long as they had to die, in what fashion they were buried. So they scooped out a few feet of earth with the tools their captors gave them, and stood up in the hollows they had made, and were shot back into them, dead; but the third man declared that he was not going to let his body lie so near the surface of the earth that the mules could kick his bones and the next heavy freshet wash them away. He accordingly dug leisurely and carefully to the depth of six feet, smoothing the sides and sharpening the corners. While he was thus engaged at the bottom of the hole, he heard shots and yells above him, and when he poked his head up over the edge of the grave he saw his own troops running down the mountain-side and his enemies disappearing before them."

Honduras has perhaps suffered more from revolutionary disturbances than any of the other Central American republics. Bordering as she does on all these states, except Costa Rica, she has not only had to contend with her own troubles but has been the helpless and unwilling battleground for contentions between

Nicaragua on the one side and San Salvador or Guatemala on the other. Weaker than any of these her own government has often been dictated by one or more of her more powerful neighbours. With all the machinery of a republic and with an excellent constitution and laws on paper, a change of rulers is usually effected by a revolution as that seems to be the only way the will of the people can be determined. They are sometimes almost bloodless as two armies manœuvre around until one decides it is weaker than the other and takes to flight. Selfish partisanship too often passes for patriotism, and the leaders are only too willing to plunge the country into war to gain the spoils of office for themselves and their followers.

Although many men may not be killed in these revolutions, as very many times they are only local, nevertheless they keep the country in a continual ferment, for the vanquished never quite forgive the victors. The most formidable disturbance in recent years was a war between Nicaragua and Honduras in the winter of 1906-07. This war resulted in a victory for Nicaragua, partly because of the revolutionary party in Honduras grasping ad-

vantage of the conditions and taking arms against the government. As a result Manuel Bonilla, who had been president for several years, was driven from office and General Miguel Davila became his successor. This war-revolution lasted for several months and as a result the business was demoralized to a great extent for the whole country was involved. United States marines were landed at Truxillo and Puerto Cortez to preserve order. Since that time there have been no serious disturbances. The agreement recently entered into between the five republics promises to do away with the interferences from other more powerful states in the internal affairs of Honduras, and the extension of railroads and telegraphs, and the investment of foreign capital promise much better conditions for the future.

Most presidents have begun their career as revolutionists, or, I suppose, they would rather be termed reformers. A man is spoken of as a "good revolutionist" as we would speak of a "good lawyer" or a "good doctor," meaning that he is successful in that line of work. The fate suffered by many unsuccessful revolutionists would not be a bad one for some of our own corrupt and selfish politicians.

The history of Honduras down to 1840 is so closely identified with Guatemala that it does not need special mention. With the election of Francisco Ferrera as president in that year it began a separate existence. There was much agitation among the various towns because of the heavy burdens imposed on them, and in 1847, during the Mexican war, one president practically declared war against the United States, which challenge was ignored. On several occasions Great Britain sent warships to the coast of Honduras to enforce her demands which were not always just. During a part of the time that Carrera was ruling Guatemala, President Guardiola was in charge of the affairs in Honduras. He was a man of the same stripe, part negro, and is said to have been "possessed of all the vices and guilty of about all the crimes known to man. At the very mention of his approach, the inhabitants would flee to the woods." One writer calls him "the tiger of Central America." He was finally assassinated. Internal trouble and disputes with her neighbours kept Honduras in turmoil down to 1880, when President Soto was inducted into office. During his term of three years, and that of his successor, General Louis Bogran,

progress began, agriculture was stimulated and trade increased.

Honduras is a country about the size of Ohio and contains forty-six thousand four hundred square miles of territory, although the estimates vary greatly for no accurate surveys have ever been made. For governmental purposes it is divided into sixteen departments, each of which has a civil head. Its governmental divisions and its legislative and judicial systems are very much like those of Guatemala. The president is assisted by a cabinet and circle of advisers.

On the Atlantic coast are five large and a number of smaller islands, known as the Bay Islands. One of these, Roatan, has been described as a lazy man's paradise. It is forty miles long and about three miles in width, with a population of three or four thousand. It is a beautiful and prolific island where the people are lazy because work is not necessary. Even the cocoanuts will drop to the ground to save the inhabitants the necessity of climbing after them, and all he has to do is to strike them on a sharpened stake driven into the ground in order to prepare them for eating. Native yams will grow to a weight of forty or fifty pounds,

and a piece of cane stuck into the ground will renew itself almost perennially. Roses and flowers grow wild. The climate ranges from 66 degrees to 88 degrees, and the air is not even disturbed by revolutions. The only jail is a little one-room hut in which a drunk occasionally sleeps off a stupor.

Cassava bread, one of the staple articles of food, is made from the tuberous roots of the manioc which often weigh as much as twenty pounds. The roots are grated into a coarse meal which is then washed carefully to remove the grains of starch. The mass is next placed in a primitive press and the poisonous juice pressed out. The squeezed mass is then made into flat loaves which are dried and then baked. It is said to make a nutritious and quite palatable food. This bread forms one of the principal articles of food of these natives.

The half-million inhabitants include a considerably smaller percentage of Spanish descendants and a much larger number of negroes than Guatemala. The "Zambos," a mixture of Indian and negro, used to be quite numerous along the Mosquito coast, but many of them have migrated to Nicaragua. They were formerly ruled by a hereditary king. The Caribs,

who were originally inhabitants of St. Vincent, have taken their place in the Gulf settlements. They are the best sailors along the coast and can be seen at any time out on the sea in their dories. These dories are hewed out of solid logs, equipped with sails, and vary in length from thirty to sixty feet, and are from three to eight feet across the beam. Their houses are always the same, with a high, peaked and thatched roof, sometimes twenty-five to thirty feet in height. No nails are used in the construction. They sometimes look almost like huge stacks of hay from a distance.

The Caribs are said to have lived on the island of St. Vincent, where, at the conclusion of the war between England and France, they were found to be in such sympathy with the French that they were deported to the island of Roatan. From there they drifted to the mainland and established a number of settlements all along the coast. One writer describes them as follows:—"They are peaceable, friendly, ingenious and industrious. They are noted for their fondness of dress, wearing red bands around their waists to imitate sashes, straw hats turned up, clean white shirts and frocks, long and tight trousers. The Carib

women are fond of ornamenting their persons with coloured beads strung in various forms. They are scrupulously clean and have a great aptitude for acquiring languages, many of them being able to talk in Carib, Spanish and English. Polygamy is general among them, some of them having as many as three or four wives; but the husband is compelled to have a separate house and plantation for each. It is the custom when a woman cannot do all the work for her to hire her husband. Men accompany them on their trading expeditions, but never by any chance carry the burdens, thinking it far beneath them."

The average native or half-breed on the higher lands lives from year to year in his thatched hut. He may look after a few cows and make cheese from their milk. He plants a small patch of maize each year and grows a few bananas and plantains for food. He is content to live on the plainest food and in the simplest way in order to live an indolent life. Thus he exists during his allotted years until he drops into his grave and in a year or two there is not even a sign to show where he was laid. Occasionally graves of the early inhabitants are found, but the burial-places of later



A TYPICAL BEGGAR.

generations are practically unmarked and no attempt is made to preserve their location as there are no tombstones and after a few months there is nothing to show its location.

Beggars are not very common except the blind, the lame and the sick. The necessities of life are so easily procured, so little clothing is required, and any one may find land upon which to plant a little maize or bananas that it does not require much money or much exertion to sustain life. The condition of those who are helpless, however, is pitiable in the extreme and the sympathy of a stranger is aroused each day by a sight of some poor unfortunate.

Next to maize (corn) bananas and plantains form the principal food. The latter are cooked in many ways, boiled, baked or made into pastry, but are never eaten raw. Maize was indigenous on those shores, because the Spanish conquerors found it growing and it formed the principal food of the people. The banana is believed to have been introduced by the Spaniards, and the one argument used for this theory is that all the names of this plant are of Spanish derivation. In Honduras a sort of beer is brewed from maize that the natives are very

fond of, but they prefer on “*fiestas*” the *aguardiente* (brandy) because it is stronger and affords more exhilaration. This is a drink brought by civilization, for the earlier inhabitants, not having any distilled liquors, had to be contented with the milder fermented forms of intoxicants.¹

Cock-fighting is one of the principal forms of amusement among the people of Honduras. Their mode of cock-fighting is very cruel, as they usually tie long sickle-shaped knives onto their natural spurs with which they are able to give each other fearful gashes and wounds. It is no unusual sight to see a game cock tied up at the door by the leg, or in some other part of the house, and being treated as an honoured member of the family. The comb is cut off near the head in order that his opponent can-

¹ *Note.* “On the warmer plains the wine-palm is grown. The wine is very simply prepared. The tree is felled and an oblong hole cut into it, just above the crown of leaves. The hole is eight inches deep, passing nearly through the trunk. It is about a foot long and several inches broad; and in this hollow the juice of the tree immediately begins to collect, scarcely any running out at the butt where it has been cut off. In three days after cutting the wine-palm the hollow will be filled with a clear yellowish wine, the fermented juice of the tree, and this will continue to secrete daily for twenty days, during which the tree will have yielded some gallons of wine.” — *Thomas Belt*.

not grasp him there and thus place him at a disadvantage. Bets are made on every fight and considerable money is lost and won on this sport.

Education is not far advanced although the number of schools has been increased each year. There are very many full-grown boys and girls who do not even know their letters. Perhaps not more than half the inhabitants can boast of even a rudimentary education. There are only about seven hundred schools for primary instruction in the entire republic, with an average attendance of about twenty-five thousand pupils. The wealthier families send their boys to the famous university in Guatemala City for their education. They are not so much interested in the matter of education for girls.

A large force of soldiers is always kept under arms — that is, large in proportion to the population. Its standing army is almost half as great as our own with about one one-hundred and fiftieth of the population. Every town and village of any size has its *commandancia*, or barracks, in which a force of troops is quartered. They are not formidable looking troops, and yet they sometimes have a reckless way of

shooting that is destructive to human life. Military service is compulsory for men from twenty-one to thirty years of age, and after that they remain members of the reserve until they are forty. This is the written law but the unwritten law of the revolutionary leader is far more potent.

As I have stated above, Honduras is the least progressive of the five republics of Central America, and yet it is a country of wonderful natural resources and is burdened with plenty of opportunities. The low coast land sloping up to the high mountain plateaus furnish every variety of climate and give a wide range of agricultural possibilities. Bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, sugar cane, wheat, corn, rice, rye, barley are among the list of profitable products that can be cultivated. Few fields are properly plowed and the care bestowed on growing crops amounts to nothing. The ground is so fertile that the mere insertion of a kernel of corn in the earth is sufficient. A kernel thus planted on Thursday has been found four inches high by the following Monday. With all this fertility there is sometimes an insufficient food supply for the cities. Agriculture is in the most primitive condition and will probably remain



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SOLDIERS OF HONDURAS.

so until there are better roads, better markets and cheaper transportation facilities.

In many parts of Honduras there are lands well suited to cattle raising. They may be found grazing on the sterile slopes of the mountain ranges as well as in the more fertile valleys. There is much fine rolling land, well watered during the rainy season and rich in pasturage, to be found in the republic, which is well suited to this industry. In the dry season, however, many of those plains, or savannahs, furnish scant fodder for the cattle. As irrigation has not been attempted the cattle have a feast half the year and a famine the other half. No care whatever is taken of their herds by the owners and they are left to forage as best they can. It is not much wonder that the grade of stock is poor, although hundreds of thousands of cattle are raised in this way, and wander over the public domain. Each rancher has his own brand which is recorded the same as in the United States. Thousands more would be raised and sent out of the country were it not for the heavy export tax.

There are no industries in the country worthy of mention except *aguardiente* manufacture which is a government monopoly. The

sugar-cane growers enter into a contract with the government to furnish a stipulated amount of this brandy each month, and it is then sold by the government to the regularly licensed dealers at a fixed price. A large part of the revenue of the republic is derived from this source as many hundred thousand gallons are consumed each year. A cheap grade of "Panama" hat is also manufactured in one province which is exported to the neighbouring republics and the United States.

Nearly the whole of the republic, except the lowlands, is mineralized. Old workings among the gold-bearing formations show that the aboriginal tribes understood the art of separating the gold from quartz. Documents deposited in the archives of Tegucigalpa show that the Spaniards found the mines of Honduras very profitable, and the king's tithe no doubt aided in building real castles in Spain. The Spaniards were good prospectors but poor workers, for they did their work in the most primitive way. Their work was mostly done by slave labour so that this was an inexpensive item to them. Any of the natives could be drafted into this work upon the initiative of the government. They were seldom carried to any

great depth, so that there are hundreds of mines scattered over the country to-day which are abandoned and filled with water. They cannot be operated successfully until roads are constructed over which machinery can be transported.

The chief mining district is not far from the capital city. The Rosario Mining Company is the most successful and best-known company and has been placed on a profitable basis. Silver ores are the most abundant but gold has been washed on the rivers of Olancho for many years in small quantities. Silver is generally in combination with lead, iron, copper or antimony. There are some valuable copper deposits in some places containing eighty per cent of pure copper. Iron ores are common, zinc occurs, but coal has been found only in very small quantities. Opals have been found in considerable numbers and many of them are large and beautiful. About one million dollars' worth of the various minerals have been mined annually in recent years.

Honduras has a small coast line on the Pacific with Amapala as its only seaport on that ocean. It is situated on the island of Tigre about thirty miles from the mainland, and

nearly in the centre of the magnificent Bay of Fonseca. This is a very poor open roadstead with no pier, so that lighters are the only means of loading and unloading vessels. The Atlantic coastline is much longer and well protected by outlying islands which affords much better protection to vessels. Ceiba is a pretty little port at the foot of the Congrehoy, the highest volcanic peak in the country. It has a population of several thousand and is in the centre of a rich banana belt. Recently a short railroad of about thirty miles in length has been constructed here which reaches out through this fertile field and will aid in developing this section of the country. Many hundred thousand bunches of bananas are shipped from this port each year and the number constantly increases. Truxillo, or Trujillo, is another fair harbour on this coast. The town is not very large yet, although it is nearly four centuries old, having been founded in 1525. The filibusterer William Walker, who made himself dictator of Nicaragua at one time, was captured by Honduras' troops at this place and executed, thus ending a romantic and venturesome career.

Honduras has never attained the prominence in commerce that her natural resources would

warrant one to reasonably expect. The total imports for the year ending July 31st, 1908, were \$2,829,979, according to the statistics of that government. Of this amount the United States furnished more than half. The exports to the United States for the same period amounted to nearly \$3,000,000, which was nearly five-sixths of the whole exports. This is accounted for by the fact that the principal export is bananas nearly all of which are sent to the various ports of Uncle Sam. After minerals coffee and hides furnish the next two largest items of export. All import duties are levied by weight, so that the duties on many articles comparatively inexpensive in first cost become expensive luxuries in Honduras. An ordinary cooking range might be cited as an example. The shipping of imports and exports is almost entirely in the hands of Germans who conduct all the great commission houses and do a very profitable business. The importation of goods is oftentimes a complicated matter for in addition to the fixed import duties there are the fees for manifest, custom-house permit, transfer fee, sanitary fee on goods destined for the interior, and a municipal impost at some towns. Add

to this the brokerage fees and the total expense oftentimes amounts to quite a sum.

The money of Honduras is on a silver basis and is subject to all the fluctuations of that metal. Guatemalan and Chilean silver coins are the principal currency in circulation although one bank is authorized to issue paper currency which passes at par with the silver. The silver peso or dollar is the standard. As exchange varies from 215 to 250 per cent it will be seen that its value ranges from about forty to forty-five cents in gold. Even this is better than the paper money of Guatemala.

What shall be done with this great unimproved country? That question is reserved for the future to decide. I believe that the influence of America and Americans will do far more toward the settlement of the turmoil which has been so general in that country and the development of the natural resources than any other one influence. The number of Americans residing in Honduras is increasing each year, and their influence is already being felt wherever they reside. Sometime the people themselves may awaken to the fact that they have been living in poverty with wealth at their very doors.

The eastern coast is developing more rapidly than the western because of the nearness to the markets of the United States. Good steamship service is now maintained so that it is only a four or five days' journey to New Orleans and Mobile. Let Americans waken up to the great possibilities of trade and development that lie at their very door. Let American merchants and manufacturers exploit their goods and secure the trade of this country that is now controlled by British and German merchants. The people generally prefer American goods, but the merchants of this country have never learned the art of dealing with the Spanish-American. It is a situation that must be studied, but success is worth the effort.

“*Adios*,” with the Spaniard means “how do you do,” “good-bye,” and “a pleasant journey to you.”

I close this narrative with this one word to the reader which is greeting, benediction and farewell, all three combined, trusting that our acquaintance has been mutually beneficial.

ADIOS.

APPENDIX I

THE following table gives the names of the departments in Guatemala, the name of the chief town, or capital, and the number of inhabitants and elevation of that city, the compilation being made from the latest and most reliable statistics available:—

DEPARTMENTS	CHIEF TOWN	INHABITANTS	ELEVATION
Alta Verapaz	Coban	24,475	4,010 feet
Amatitlan	Amatitlan	10,000	4,212 "
Baja Verapaz	Salamá	7,125	2,831 "
Chimaltanango	Chimaltenango	14,000	5,365 "
Chiquimula	Chiquimula	10,602	1,232 "
Escuintla	Escuintla	12,000	1,248 "
Guatemala	Guatemala City	85,000	4,810 "
Huehuetenango	Huehuetenango	10,000	7,052 "
Izabal	Livingston	1,500	45 "
Jalapa	Jalapa	10,000	4,777 "
Jutiapa	Jutiapa	12,000	2,821 "
Peten	Flores	6,000	478 "
Quezaltenango	Quezaltenango	22,265	7,351 "
Quiché	Sante Rosa del Quiché	6,237	5,492 "
Retalhuleu	Retalhuleu	10,000	968 "
Sacatepequez	Antigua	8,000	5,314 "
San Marcos	San Marcos	10,000	7,150 "
Santa Rosa	Cuajinicuilapa	2,000	3,214 "
Sololá	Sololá	15,000	6,974 "
Suchitepequez	Mazatenango	10,000	1,085 "
Totonicapan	Totonicapan	25,196	7,894 "
Zacapa	Zacapa	12,000	536 "

APPENDIX II

THE Republic of Honduras is composed of sixteen departments, or provinces, and one territorial district. The territory of Mosquitia is situated in the extreme northeastern section of the country and is the second largest political division in the republic, comprising about one-fifth of the entire landed surface and with a population of four thousand, mostly a mixed race of negroes and Indians. This is an average of about one person for every two square miles. The country is covered with a dense forest of tropical verdure, through which the waters of several rivers course. Along the rivers the lands have been partially explored but much of the interior is still unknown. The Bay Islands department comprises a group of five low islands lying at a distance of from twenty-five to fifty miles from the northern shore. The names of the islands are Utila, Roatan, Elena, Barbareta and Bonaca, and they contain a total population of about five thousand whites, negroes and Indians. The English language is

quite commonly used on those islands for they were long under the sovereignty of England.

The names of the different departments, together with the capital city, its population and elevation, according to the best and most recent statistics available, are as follows:—

DEPARTMENT	CAPITAL	POPULATION	ELEVATION
Tegucigalpa	Tegucigalpa	12,000	3,200 feet
Copan	Santa Rosa	10,000	3,400 "
Choluteca	Choluteca	8,636	250 "
Gracias	Gracias	5,324	2,520 "
Olancho	Juticalpa	11,103	1,500 "
El Paraiso	Danli	8,878	2,300 "
Santa Barbara	Santa Barbara	3,593	750 "
Valle	Nacaome	8,913	110 "
Comayagua	Comayagua	7,206	1,650 "
La Paz	La Paz	4,490	2,000 "
Intibuca	La Esperanza	4,026	4,950 "
Cortes	San Pedro Sula	7,182	255 "
Yoro	Yoro	6,127	2,000 "
Colon	Truxillo	4,040	sea level
Atlantida	La Ceiba	3,379	"
Bay Islands	Coxin Hole	500	"

The uneven character of the configuration of the earth's surface and the effect of the trade winds gives the Central American republics a great variety of climate. The so-called "seasons," the wet and dry, do not always express the real conditions, for local conditions influence the temperature and amount of rainfall.

There is a wide difference, for instance, between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. On the Atlantic coast there is literally no dry season. The central plateaus have a climate of their own subject neither to excessive droughts or heavy rains. When you consider that the highest temperature inland rarely exceeds 90° F. and does not go below 50° F. it will be seen that the land is quite inhabitable, for there are no great extremes. The “ wet ” season from May to November is called *invierno*, or winter, and the “ dry ” season from November to May is termed *verano*, or summer.

In order to set forth clearly the temperature I herewith give a table of the thermometer readings at Tegucigalpa for an entire year as given in a handbook compiled by Mr. A. K. Moe, formerly United States Consul at that city, and issued by the International Bureau of the American Republics, to which same book I am indebted for some other valuable information herein contained:—

MONTHS	AVERAGE MINIMUM	AVERAGE MAXIMUM	LOWEST	HIGHEST	EXTREME DIFFERENCE
January	°F. 60	°F. 76	°F. 54	°F. 79	°F. 25
February	60	81	52	84	32
March	61	83	55	88	33
April	63	84	56	89	33
May	67	84	63	90	27

MONTHS	AVERAGE MINIMUM	AVERAGE MAXIMUM	LOWEST	HIGHEST	EXTREME DIFFERENCE
June	67	82	65	86	21
July	67	81	64	84	20
August	66	81	62	84	22
September	65	82	61	84	23
October	65	79	61	83	22
November	65	78	61	82	21
December	59	75	50	81	31

APPENDIX III

VOLCANOES

PEOPLE living in volcanic regions do not seem to fear the presence of these lofty peaks any more than people living in mountainous regions fear their overhanging ridges. One would think that the terrible and destructive eruptions of Vesuvius would leave that region depopulated, but no sooner have the earth's tremblings ceased than the people flock again to their accustomed haunts, and the fertile fields once more respond to the efforts of the farmer and gardener. And so it is in Central America, where volcanic peaks abound and mild earthquakes are common. The volcanoes of Hawaii are larger, those of South America loftier, some in Italy and Java more destructive, but nowhere on the world is there such an unbroken line of volcanic peaks as along the Pacific coast of Central America. The Atlantic coast has but one distinct cone of any great height and that is the Congrehoy (8,040 ft.), which runs clear to the water's edge.

It is the only lofty peak in Honduras and has perhaps the sharpest and most clearly marked cone in that section of the world.

Little is known of the early history of the eruptions of these volcanoes and earthquake disturbances, called by the natives "*temblors*." The early natives believed that earthquakes were caused by a god, Cabracan, who was in the habit of shaking the mountains. The stories of the Spanish conquerors are so mingled with devils and their work that they are incredible and convey no enlightening information. Their chroniclers tell an amusing instance of the attempt of a friar to draw up the lava, which had the appearance of molten gold, in an iron bucket from a crater. The bucket and chain as well melted as soon as it approached the seething lava.

History records the birth of the volcano, Izalco, in San Salvador in 1770. For several days strange subterranean noises accompanied by earthquake shocks had been heard in that vicinity and the people fled in terror. After a few days a lateral opening appeared in a field from which fire, smoke and lava belched forth. This was followed by sand and stones from which a cone has been gradually built up, until

now it is higher than Vesuvius. It has been named the "lighthouse of Salvador" by the sailors, because it is nearly always visible at night.

I append an account of an ascent of Santa Maria made a few months after its destructive eruption of 1902, which appeared in the *Scientific American*:—

"I began the ascent of the volcano from the plantation of La Sabina, a favourite health resort famous for its springs of mineral water. Journeying from Palmar to La Sabina we passed two plantations whose buildings were ruined and fields devastated. We found the hotel of the town buried many feet beneath mud. I found the crater a huge pit some 500 feet in depth, from the bottom of which spouted a magnificent geyser. The steam issued with terrible force, roaring and crackling. Almost at my very feet arose another geyser, through the vapour of which there could be dimly seen a large pool formed by the condensed steam. Besides the large geysers, innumerable small jets of steam spouted from the edge of the crater in a vapourous fringe, sending forth little clouds toward the centre. At intervals a strong odour of sulphur assailed the nostrils. It is

probable that when the volcano was in full eruption the entire crater was open, for the earth seemed to have fallen in and to have formed a kind of floor. Otherwise it would be impossible to account for the enormous mass of material ejected by the crater."

The following table gives a list of the principal volcanic peaks in Guatemala, all of which are classed as "extinct," or "quiescent," except Santa Maria:—

VOLCANIC PEAK	HEIGHT
Tajumulco	13,814 feet
Tacana	13,334 "
Acatenango	13,012 "
Fuego	12,821 "
Agua	12,300 "
Atitlan	11,849 "
Cerro Cerchil	11,830 "
Cerro Quiché	11,160 "
Cerro Calel	10,813 "
Santa Maria	10,535 "
Cerro Quemado	10,200 "
Quezaltenango	9,238 "
Pacaya	7,675 "
Ipala	6,019 "
Chingo	6,019 "

APPENDIX IV

RUINS OF COPAN

No American has spent so much time in exploring the ruins of this mysterious city of Honduras as Mr. George Byron Gordon. For a number of years he spent the greater part of the year in making excavations, removing débris, and in exploring every nook and corner of this ancient seat of civilization. Through the courtesy of The Century Company I am permitted to give the following description of Copan as written by Mr. Gordon and published in the Century Magazine, which, though greatly abbreviated, is yet sufficiently full to give the reader a fair idea of the one-time grandeur and magnificence of this ancient city:—

Hidden away among the mountains of Honduras, in a beautiful valley which, even in that little-travelled country, where remoteness is a characteristic attribute of places, is unusually secluded, Copan is one of the greatest myste-

ries of the ages. Not only do the recent explorations confirm the magnitude and importance of the ruins, but the collection of relics now in the Peabody Museum is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that here are the remains of a city, unknown to history, as remarkable and as worthy of our careful consideration as any of the ancient centres of civilization in the Old World. Whatever the origin of its people, this old city is distinctly American — the growth of American soil and environment.

The area comprised within the limits of the old city consists of a level plain seven or eight miles long and two miles wide at the greatest. This plain is covered with the remains of stone houses, doubtless the habitations of the wealthy. The streets, squares, and courtyards were paved with stone, or with white cement made from lime and powdered rock, and the drainage was accomplished by means of covered canals and underground sewers built of stone and cement. On the slopes of the mountains, too, are found numerous ruins; and even on the highest peaks fallen columns and ruined structures may be seen.

On the right bank of the Copan River, in the midst of the city, stands the principal group

of structures — the temples, palaces, and buildings of a public character. These form part of what has been called, for want of a better name, the Main Structure — a vast, irregular pile rising from the plain in steps and terraces of masonry, and terminating in several great pyramidal elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple which, before our excavations were begun, looked like a huge pile of fragments bound together by the roots of trees, while the slopes of the pyramids, and the terraces and pavements below, are strewn with the ruins of these superb edifices. Its sides face the four cardinal points; its greatest length from north to south is about eight hundred feet, and from east to west it measured originally nearly as much, but a part of the eastern side has been carried away by the swift current of the river which flows directly against it.

Within the Main Structure, at an elevation of sixty feet, is a court one hundred and twenty feet square, which, with its surrounding architecture, must have presented a magnificent spectacle, when it was entire. It was entered from the south through a passage thirty feet in width, between two high pyramidal founda-

tions, each supporting a temple. The court itself is inclosed by ranges of steps or seats rising to a height of twenty feet, as in an amphitheatre; they are built of great blocks of stone, neatly cut, and regularly laid without mortar. In the centre of the western side is a stairway projecting a few feet into the court, and leading to a broad terrace above the range of seats on that side. The upper steps in this stairway are divided in the midst by the head of a huge dragon facing the court, and holding in its distended jaws a grotesque human head of colossal proportions.

One temple, in many ways the most interesting yet explored, furnishes a typical example of this class of building. From the stone-paved terrace above the western side of the court, a great stairway, with massive steps, leads up to a platform which runs the whole length of the building, and is carried out at each end upon solid piers to the line of beginning of the steps. From the head of the stairway two graceful wing stones, extending across the platform, guard the approach to the first entrance, which gives access to the outer chambers. This doorway is nine feet wide, and was covered with a vaulted roof, now fallen. Directly opposite

feet in height and three feet square, and are carved over the entire surface. On one side, and sometimes on two opposite sides, stands a human figure in high relief, always looking toward one of the cardinal points. Upon these personages is displayed such a wealth of ornament and insignia that the figures look overburdened and encumbered, giving the idea that the chief object of the artist was the display of such adornment. While nearly all these human figures are disproportionately short, the accurate drawing and excellent treatment of the smaller figures in the designs surrounding the principal characters show that this is not owing to deficient perception on the part of the sculptor.

The sides of the monuments not occupied by human figures are covered by hieroglyphic inscriptions. In front of each of the figures, at a distance of a few feet, is a smaller sculpture, called an altar. These measure sometimes seven feet across and from two to four feet in height. The design sometimes represents a grotesque monster with curious adornments; but a common form of altar is a flat disk seven or eight feet in diameter, with a row of hieroglyphs around the edge. Much of the carving

on these obelisks and altars is doubtless symbolical; and until this is better understood it is useless to speculate upon the character of the monuments themselves — speculations in which our ignorance would allow us unlimited scope. Two of the figures have their faces hidden by masks, a circumstance which seems to preclude the theory that they are portraits, although that is suggested by the striking individuality of many of the faces. But who can tell? The statues may be those of deified kings or heroes; on these altars a grateful people may have paid the tribute of affection; or, as some would have us believe, they may have been idols, insatiate monsters, on whose reeking altars the bloody sacrifice prevailed. We would fain believe that the Mayas were a humane and gentle people, given to generous impulses and noble deeds; that these relics of their art, in which the thought and feeling of the people strove to find expression, had for their object and inspiration a better motive than the deliberate shedding of human blood.

No regular burying-place has yet been found at Copan, but a number of isolated tombs have been explored. The location of these was strange and unexpected — beneath the pave-

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ment of courtyards and under the foundations of houses. They consist of small chambers of very excellent masonry, roofed sometimes by means of the horizontal arch, and sometimes by means of slabs of stone resting on the top of the vertical walls. In these tombs one, and sometimes two, interments had been made. The bodies had been laid at full length upon the floor. The cerements had long since moldered away, and the skeletons themselves were in a crumbling condition, and give little knowledge of the physical characteristics of the people; but one fact of surpassing interest came to light concerning their private lives, namely, the custom of adorning the front teeth with gems inlaid in the enamel, and by filing. The stone used in the inlaying was a bright-green jadeite. A circular cavity about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter was drilled in the enamel of each of the two front teeth of the upper row, and inlaid with a little disk of jadeite, cut to a perfect fit, and secured by means of a bright red cement.

Besides the human remains, each tomb contained a number of earthenware vessels of great beauty and excellence of workmanship, some of them painted with figures in various

colours, and others finished with a peculiar polish resembling a glaze. Some of these vessels contained charcoal and ashes; in others were various articles of use and adornment. The beads, ear-ornaments, medallions, and a variety of other ornaments, usually of jadeite, exhibit an extraordinary degree of skill in the art of cutting and polishing stones, while the pearls and trinkets carved from shell must have been obtained by trade or by journeys to the coast. In the same tombs with these ornaments were frequently found such objects of utility as knives and spear-heads of flint and obsidian, and stone hatchets and chisels. These were doubtless family vaults, though none of them contained the remains of many burials.

As to the antiquity of the city, although we have no data that will enable us to fix a date, there are certain historical facts that remove it from the reach of history or tradition, and place the era of its destruction long anterior to the discovery of America.

APPENDIX V

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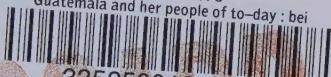
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